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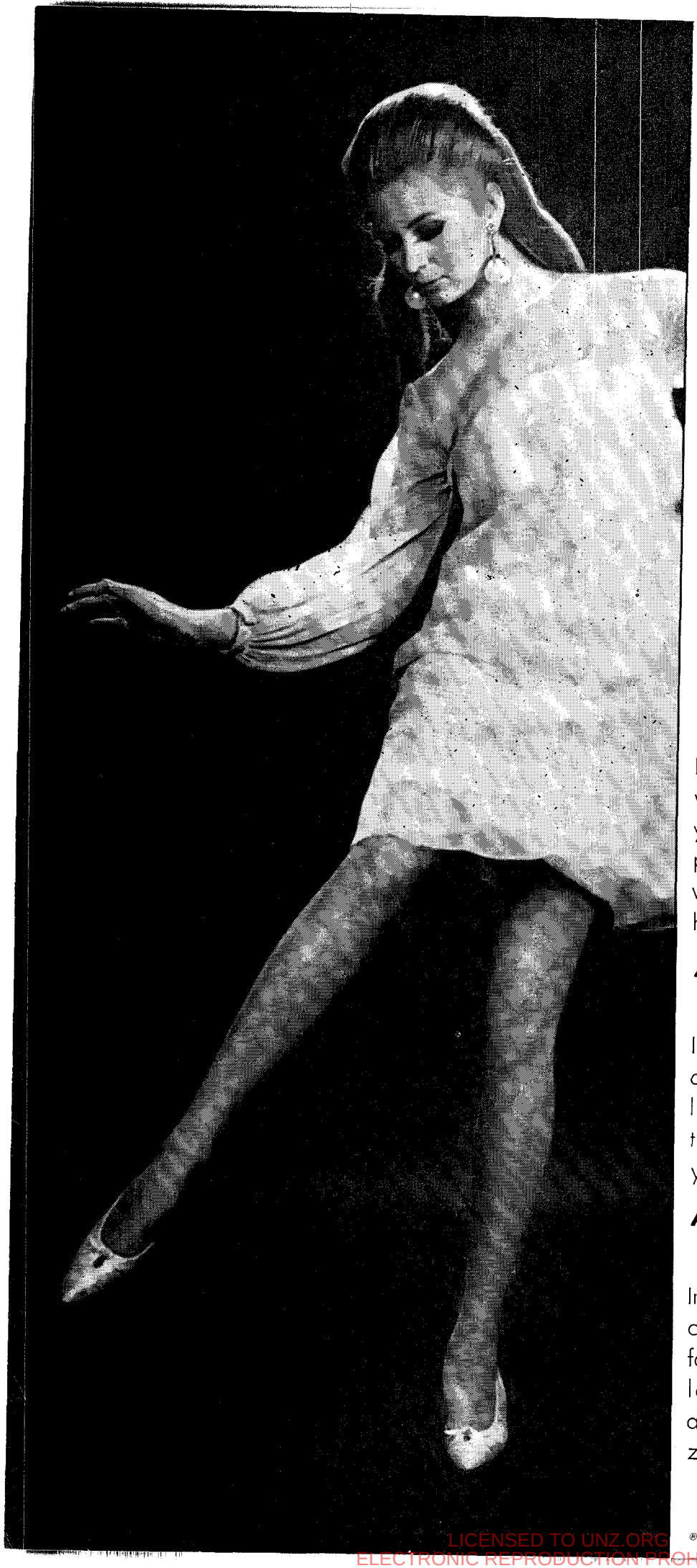

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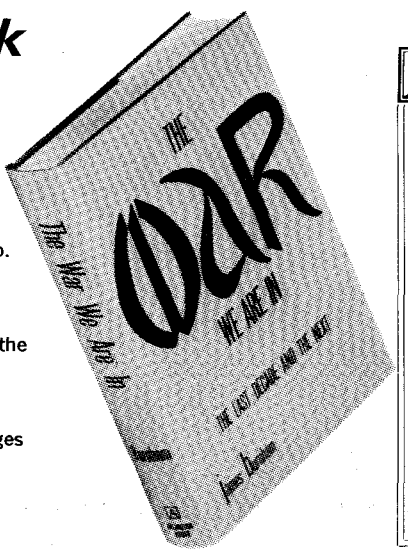

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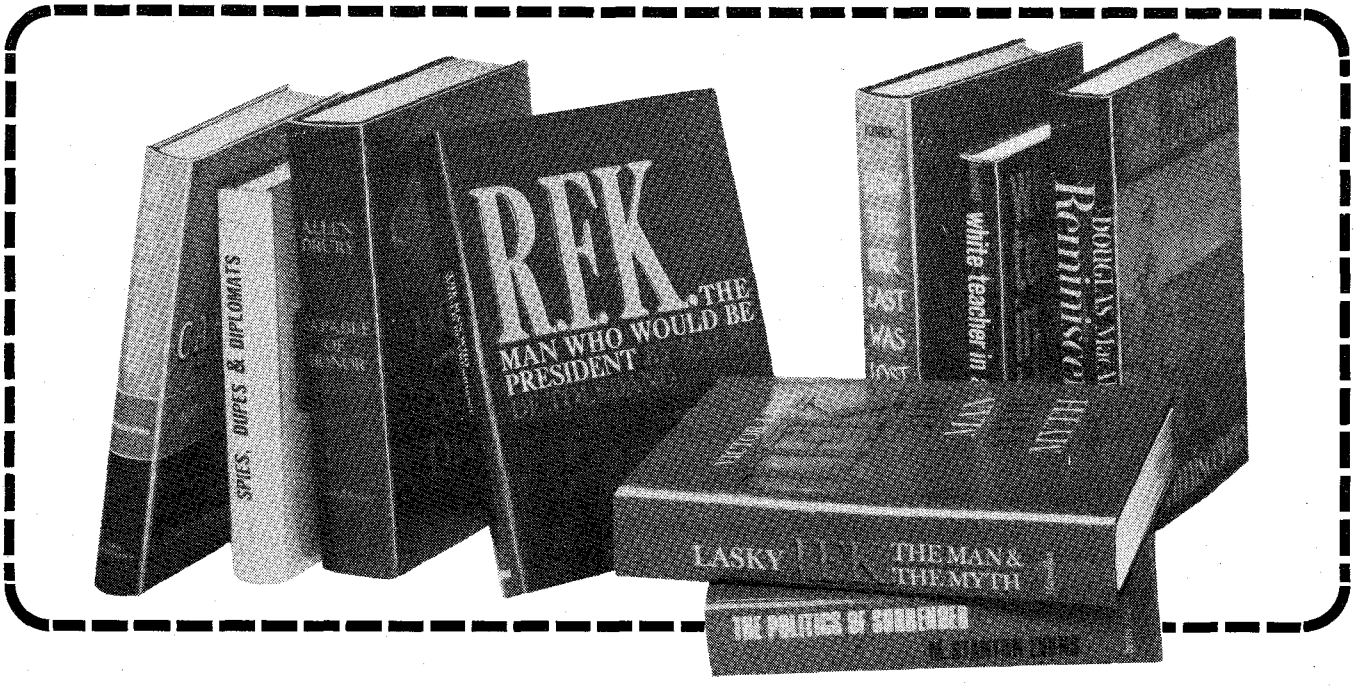

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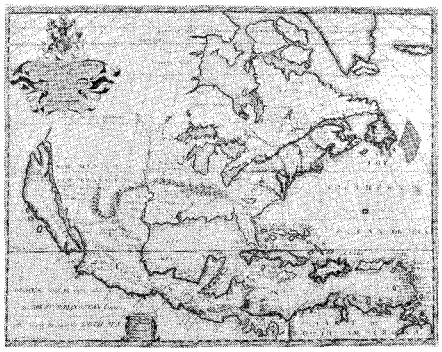

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The stalwart **M. Stanton Evans,** prize-winning editor of the *Indianapolis News,* takes on the Gorgon Medusa of capitalism, none other than Miss Ayn Rand. Noting that the Randians would occupy chambers in the libertarian mansion, Mr. Evans peruses their credentials. In their critique of collectivism they are unsurpassed, but (and NATIONAL REVIEW has been saying this "but" for ten years) the profoundest levels of Randian thought contain a head-on assault against the very Western institutions which nourish the liberty so coveted by the Randians themselves. . . . Sex, anyone? Essayist **Frederic Nelson** perceives that it's almost impossible to escape the subject, and that the subject is commonplace among younger and younger citizens all the time, and that's exactly what the trouble may be. . . . **Colm Brogan** checks in from London. Seems the recent reshuffling of Harold Wilson's cabinet concealed deep things, and as usual Mr. Wilson's version of events left Truth hanging on the ropes. A hilarious account. . . . **Hugh Kenner** checks in from Expo 67, where/*où* he/*il* enjoyed himself/*s'est amusé* thoroughly/*bien.* Incidentally, the finest report on Expo ever published, anywhere. . . . **Alec Waugh** checks in from Capri, where he is delighted to report that things haven't changed unbearably.

➔ The Sage of Woodstock, **Frank S. Meyer,** notices that the scientific community is gearing up for a showdown with one of contemporary liberalism's favorite dogmas. One of these days they'll just go and do it. . . . **James Burnham,** whose new book *The War We Are In* is off to best-seller start, has been joyriding through his favorite country, sampling the opinions of the random sample he meets by the side of the road. Woe to LBJ!

➔ Those strangely trivial memoirs of Stalin's daughter Svetlana have been splashed all over magazine and newspaper and are now available (walk, don't run) at your favorite bookseller. **Garry Wills** finds the book next to impossible. . . . Oswald Spengler, whose *Decline of the West* got the ball rolling, wrote also a pile of *Spruchwörter* and *Aufsätze* some of which are still valuable. It is good, says **Anthony Lejeune,** writing from the country that's leading the decline, to be an unread author. Only your good moments are quoted. . . . Sir **Arnold Lunn** reviews, with warm appreciation, a book about the Spanish Civil War, written by one of the major contributors to its happy outcome. It is impossible to remark too often the "selective indignation" of contemporary liberals. . . . Pres. **Neil McCaffrey** of the Conservative Book Club is also a jazz buff, dance band buff, and bulk-rate mail buff. Here he answers that often fretted question: Would you want *your* daughter to go out with a popular singer? . . . Coming soon! Don't miss it! NATIONAL REVIEW's special-supplement issue commemorating (as no other magazine in America) the 50th Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. . . . And, in early November, the conclusion of *NR*'s profiles of the leading contenders in next year's Republican Presidential race. James Jackson Kilpatrick, whose article "What Makes Wallace Run" (*NR*, April 8), was memorable, will handle Richard Nixon (November 14) and George Romney (December 12). Wm. F. Buckley Jr. will appraise Ronald Reagan's performance to date and make a valiant guess about his political future (November 28). and Garry Wills ("Chuck Percy: Political Twiggy"—May 2) will wind up the series with an article on Nelson Rockefeller. ➔

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LETTERS

Hot Potato?

I have just read in the Sept. 19 issue of *NR* "McNamara's Non-War" by James Burnham, who states, in conclusion, that there are four alternatives open to us: 1) continuation of the present stalemate, 2) stepped-up ground war, 3) stepped-up air war, 4) a pullout.

There is a fifth alternative which Mr. Burnham failed to mention, but I am sure that he is not at all unaware of it: 5) an ultimatum to Hanoi that Congress will be asked to declare war, with due notice to all and sundry that any country assisting our enemy would automatically find herself at war with the U.S.

Possibly this is too hot a potato for Mr. Burnham or the *NR* to sponsor. But it should have been adopted at the very beginning of this Vietnam conflict. I believe that the American people have enough common sense to understand this situation, if it is presented to them in clear and concise terms, and guts enough to bear up under the strain of a showdown.

New York, N. Y. O. B. MANTELL

Lyons vs. Freeman

Does the disagreement between Mr. Lyons and Mr. Freeman [Sept. 5] center about the relative merits of capitalism *vs.* Communism (or the free market *vs.* central planning) or is it focused on whether or not Russia has been making economic progress, standing still, or regressing under Communism? Either way I am made very uneasy about the debate for the following reasons.

Lyons unjustly accuses Freeman of trying to make "a case for the superiority of a totalitarian economy." Finding statism morally repugnant (and advocating capitalism and a market economy?), Lyons finds it necessary to prove that Russia has not progressed since 1917, that Freeman's statistics are erroneous, that Russia's successes "in limited areas" were made at the expense of other areas, "paid for by the suffering and degradation of the masses."

Now, Freeman is in agreement with Mr. Lyons: he, too, advocates the "inherent superiority of the free market." Faced with the fact that the Russian economy is making real progress (perhaps even at a faster rate than the U.S.) he rushes to the defense of capitalism by explaining such progress as the result of free market methods "which lie at the root of growth in capitalist countries," i.e. Russian capitalism.

I submit it is epistemologically self-defeating to try to defend capitalism by evading some aspects of reality, as both writers seem to do. Capitalism is not threatened by admitting that Russia has made certain economic gains in both capital goods and consumer goods industries. It still remains true that Russia is a statist country where basic freedoms, including private ownership of property, are denied.

And what does it mean to point to capitalist methods within a planned economy? How can one compare the "classless" society in Russia where rewards are distributed according to "achievements," as determined and defined by some economic czar, with the earnings derived from contractual dealings in a free market economy? Such "methods of capitalism," outside the economic and ethical context of a capitalist economy, tend not only to "increase the size of the carrot and the weight of the stick," but make more ominous the presence of the overseer.

If I had to cast a vote I would side with Mr. Lyons. He at least realizes that the Soviet economy is "lopsided" and "indivisible from its hideous political system."

THADDEUS W. KOPCZYNSKI

Santa Clara, Cal.

USS Liberty

As a Naval electronic technician, a dedicated conservative and an *NR* subscriber, I was very interested in your report on the USS *Liberty* [Sept. 5]. The tragedy brought out one sidelight that I hope didn't go unnoticed.

That is that the USS *Liberty* was, as said, "an old tub." Unfortunately old tubs are not extremely rare in the Navy, no small wonder considering how the Navy always gets the short end of the Department of Defense money stick. The Navy of today is no longer just a seapower, it is also a landpower with its aircraft carriers and Polaris submarines.

This power is recognized in the DOD but not given full credit. Research will prove that the Polaris program is probably the most effective idea ever developed in the development of strategic missiles. From what is being said today it is apparent that the DOD had rather pursue immobile "sitting duck" missile sites and TFXs. On the other hand the Russians seem to be well aware of the potential of secret, mobile missile sites, i.e. nuclear submarines.

Great Lakes, Ill. NAME WITHHELD

Marvelous piece by Kilpatrick on the *Liberty*! I damn near cried. Best thing I've read in any mag in a long time.

New York, N. Y. NEAL FREEMAN

Utley on Israel

Freda Utley tells us [Aug. 8] that when the United States gives even verbal support to the self-defense of a friendly nation, the only viable free society in the Middle East, we are pushing the neighboring states into the hands of the Soviet Union.

This line of argument should sound familiar. In late 1964, it was used to show that American support of the Tshombe government against the Congolese rebels would push Black Africa into the Communist camp; in 1965, to prove that by acting to save the Dominican Republic from a Communist-influenced rebellion, the United States was forcing the rest of Latin America into Yanquí-hating and Castroism. In the event, Red influence decreased rather than increased after America assisted friends and ignored the epithet "imperialist."

Will Israel's case not follow this pattern? Insofar as American support, such as it was, contributed to the Israeli victory, can this really be shown as contributing to the sort of disaster to the West that Freda Utley has chosen to warn us about? Would the other possible results of the conflict have been more beneficial to the West? Would the destruction of Israel have made the rulers of Syria sane and responsible? Would the pro-Western regime in Jordan really be in less danger from the presence on its border of victorious Nasserite hordes, eager for new blood and spoils, than from the comparatively modest incursions of Israel into territory Jordan itself gained through conquest nineteen years before? Would a victorious and over-confident Nasser really have been less dangerous to American interests than a defeated and humbled Nasser? Finally, has the Israeli victory really made Nasser more dependent on the Soviet Union than he would have been ultimately by his own fiscal bungling and the failure of his assault on Yemen?

The Soviet Union, rather than moving toward success, seems to be following the same Near Eastern policy that Britain followed a generation ago, in the Atlee era, when she machined-gunned refugee ships in the Mediterranean and harassed Jewish defense forces, catering to the worst element of Arab opinion.

Rock Island, Ill. LAWRENCE DALKOFF

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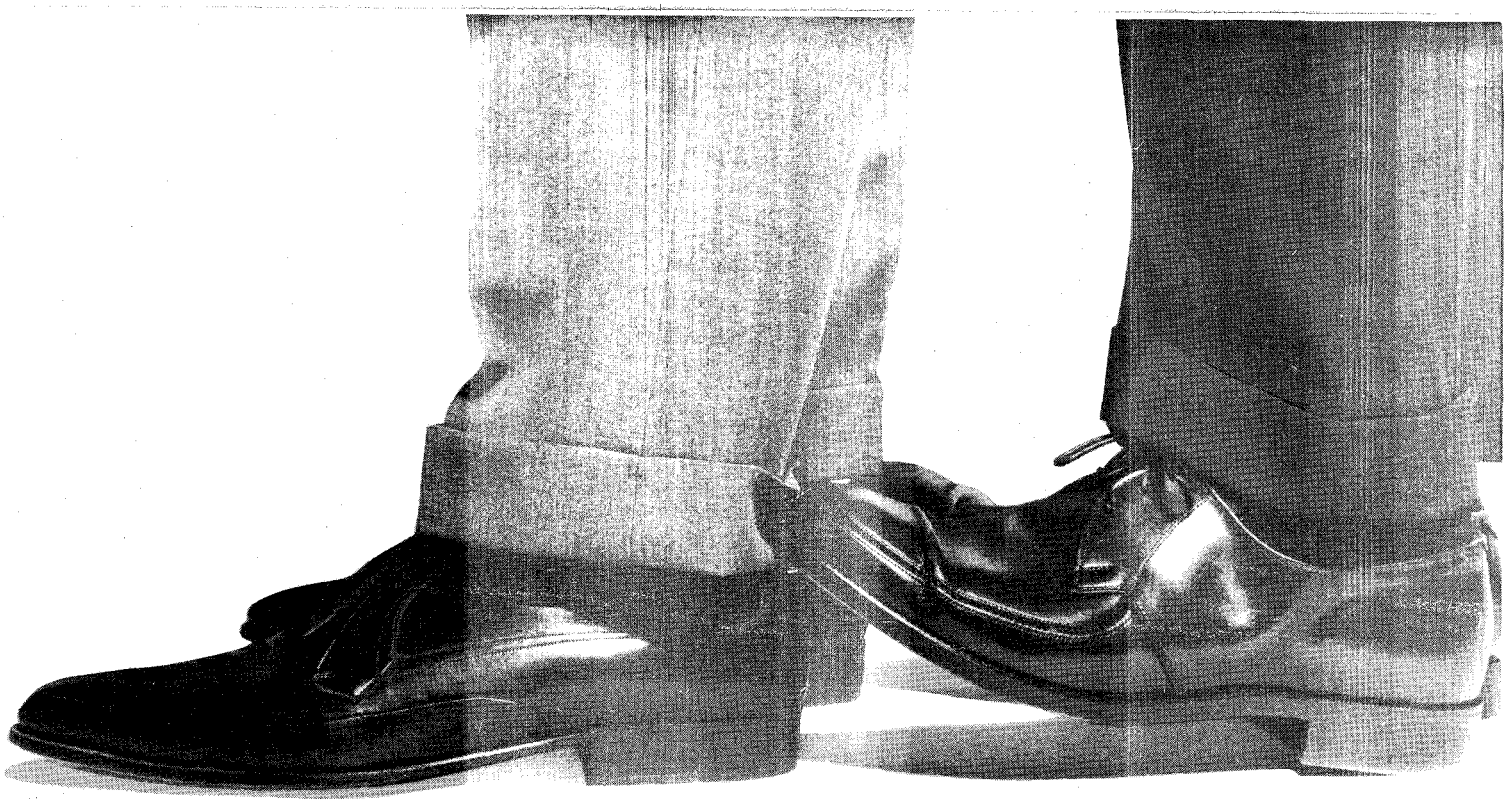

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The WEEK

● Hey, kids! It's the Answer Man, and he's coming to *your* slum! George Romney, who is for Good and against Evil, is touring the ghettoes of seventeen cities, leaving a hot trail of platitudes for the rest of us to follow. To solve urban problems, we need "the most massive effort in peacetime history" in which we will all "get involved," see, in "private spontaneous cooperation" because "a lot of people are very frustrated and bitter" and "there's tinder in the cities that will make Vietnam [what's *that*, Governor?] look like child's play" and the United States is on the brink of "civil guerrilla warfare," oh yes, and there should be "meaningful evaluation" of federal anti-poverty programs, and "the great promise of America is to enable all of us to live together happily." Yes, the Governor tends to be vague; but a resident of Harlem summed it all up nicely during the tour: "That cat Romney inside? Ain't he afraid we brainwash him?"

● A Writers and Editors War Tax Protest is on for those "willing to lay our middle-class lives on the line." Signatories pledge voluntarily not to pay "the proposed 10 per cent tax surcharge, or any war-designated tax increase," and many will also "refuse to pay that part of our current income tax (23 per cent) being used to finance the war." However, Gerald Walker, who organized the protest, took the wow out of it by noting that not one of the 421 signers of a similar declaration last year has been prosecuted and sentenced; that, out of roughly 1,500 additional nonpayers, not one has been prosecuted since the Vietnam war began; and that just about all the IRS seemed in a mood to do was place liens on incomes, attach bank accounts, and charge a 6 per cent interest penalty annually on the unpaid tax balance. Subtracting the 6 per cent loss on savings (which bank interest rates would reduce about 5 per cent), one tax expert has estimated that the protesters stand to lose one per cent of 10 per cent of their tax bill, which would bring a net loss to most writers and editors of $1.75. Which is bargain basement glory, too middle class for words.

● Are urban riots super-spontaneous? Yes, say agonized white liberals, they are the inevitable results of years of oppression. No, say unconscious conservatives, they are craftily planned in Moscow or Peking or Tel Aviv or on the moon. Maybe, maybe not, said NBC last week in a news special, "Summer '67: What We Learned." Star of the show was Mr. X, a masked Negro who told details of organization meetings in Detroit where looting and burning were planned, rifles handed out, sniping positions assigned. The Detroit experience suggests that once riots break out, subversive elements are quick to leap in and keep them going. Remember the Harlem riots in the summer of 1964, when mimeographed instructions for the manufacture of Molotov cocktails were distributed to the populace? Nobody can plan a riot, but it seems that many people (white and black, according to Mr. X) are adept at planning the insurrections that the riots become.

● Mr. H. J. Heinz II, Chairman of the Board of uh-huh, has recommended that American capital get busy and start investing in overseas food operations. American food surpluses are running off, and hunger still besieges many a foreign country. But: don't the lads over at Treasury think it's terrible for American capital to go overseas, thus burdening our international payments? And in this conflict (Agriculture Secretary Freeman *vs.* Treasury Secretary Fowler) who is right? The one who feeds more mouths, of course. We plump for Freeman (ad hoc), Heinz, and the free movement of capital anywhither in the world it can perform most efficiently. Hungry people do not feed on controls, quotas, restrictions, and capital quarantines.

● All quiet on the Sikkim-Tibet border after four days of shelling by Indian and Chinese troops. Both governments emphasized that there had never been going to be no war on the scale of 1962. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Foreign Minister Desai talked of "an isolated incident," while Peking contented itself with routine accusations of Indian "military adventurism," called India's ceasefire proposal "a gross deception," and then ceased fire. The boundary line was not in dispute as in 1962. No big troop movements noted on either side. Yet the episode was significant. India's brisker attitude betokened both better military preparedness and an awareness of the need for greater resolution in such buffer protectorates as Sikkim. Guilt about Nehru's acquiescence in the rape of Tibet grows. Indian parliamentarians have been calling this summer for recognition of the Dalai Lama as head of the government-in-exile and for abrogation of the 1954 Sino-Indian Treaty, by which India recognized China's suzerainty over Tibet. While the government demurred, Indians are beginning to realize that the Chinese have just one more buffer to cross. Meanwhile, with a continuous civil war raging, the Chinese attack can hardly have derived from Peking (whose non-paper tanks are now bringing Maoist culture to Canton) but more likely symptomizes the growing erratic autonomy of local warlords.

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● Student Power is revving up alongside the other movements of the maladjusted. A whole lot of National Associations—Students, University Professors, Student Personnel Administrators and Women Deans and Counselors—have been confabulating to draw up a Students Bill of Rights. Provisions range from the reasonable—that students should have some say in their own government and that there should be a minimum of censorship on campus newspapers—to the frankly foolish. Do students really need a right to counsel when faced with charges of misconduct? Or the right of appeal against low grades? And it needs little to imagine what can be done with the recommendation that "in class students should be free to take exception to professors' views." Students are also to have the right to prohibit disclosure of their grades and school records. Presumably prospective employers will also have the right to their suspicions of those who so prohibit. Anyway, it looks like there's a lot of fun ahead. (Why did you miss your Wittgenstein class? I refuse to answer on the grounds it might incriminate me. Supreme Court upholds plea against low algebra grade. Sen. Robert Kennedy introduces bill to prohibit publication of names of flunk-outs.) It is sad that professors themselves should be so eagerly acquiescing in the shattering of what remains of their authority. Parents and taxpayers who venture to say that students should concentrate on learning rather than litigation will doubtless be denounced as victims of the generation gap.

● In Glock and Stark, *Christian Beliefs and Anti-Semitism*, and elsewhere, you will read that religious orthodoxy and racial prejudice go hand in hand. But a survey conducted among youth of the American Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod) found that bias is greatest among those young people who are the *least* conservative theologically: 38 per cent of them would exclude persons from (1) church activities and (2) non-church activities because of race whereas only 9 per cent (1) and 16 per cent (2) of those who are most conservative would do so. We can hear Glock and Stark now: It depends what you mean by conservative. It depends what you mean by exclude. It depends what you mean by race. It depends. . . .

● The National Federation of Independent Business has issued a study of the impact of minimum wage laws. "Some yardstick should be developed," says the Federation, "to determine at any given time what percentage of the working force is capable of only limited production. Continuous field surveys by the organization indicate that the imposition of the new law in February has so far resulted in almost 700,000 of the least skilled and least apt workers being dismissed by independent firms, due to the fact their rate of production is not equal to the new pay scale. There is shown no apparent effect in the category of what might be termed 'prime workers.'"

● LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN DEPT. (SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE COMMUNISTS DIV.): From a review by Harrison Salisbury of Mark Frankland's *Khrushchev* (*New York Times*, Sept. 17). "'He left his country a better place than he found it, both in the eyes of the majority of his own people and of the world.' This is Mark Frankland's verdict on Nikita Khrushchev, an epitaph on the rambunctious career of the zestful Soviet politician. . . . Khrushchev won for himself and his country a kind of grudging affection and respect. Today it is not uncommon for Americans to say, a little puzzled: 'You know, it's a funny thing, but I miss old Khrushchev.' . . . For all his faults—and Mr. Frankland's able study presents an ample catalogue—he has left both his countrymen and the world his debtors." Not to say his captives.

● PROPHETS OF MODERATION INC. At a time when Stokely Carmichael is running around the world calling for bloody revolution in the United States, H. Rap Brown is exhorting Negroes to burn and kill honkies and Martin Luther King accuses America of being the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today, Dr. Benjamin Spock can still get up, in public (before the National Conference for a New Politics), and say: "Joe McCarthy, [Sen. Thomas] Dodd and [Richard] Nixon, who have no principles of their own to advocate, have used anti-Communism instead to build their careers. In the process they have robbed a majority of Americans of the courage to sign anything that might possibly be deemed disloyal."

● Fall Semester Notes: Alger Hiss announces he will teach a course on the New Deal (in which "I was a participant and knew some of the people who made important decisions") and also write a book about it. The course, suggested by himself, starts October 5 at the New School for Social Research and ends November 16. On November 11 Hiss will be sixty-three. The Revolution will be fifty.

Strategic Sophistry

Note first that the Administration's decision to deploy a "thin" anti-ballistic missile defense system has blunted one potent weapon in the Republican armory. How could it be, Republicans were asking, that LBJ could spend $24 billion a year on protecting the people of South Vietnam and yet refuse to pay $1 billion a year to defend the people of the United States? And they were saying it right up to the eve of McNamara's announcement in San Francisco. Richard Nixon said the U.S. should "go ahead at all costs" to build an ABM system. At the YAF con-

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vention, Senator Tower criticized McNamara's notorious antipathy to missile defense and said a system was needed for safety "against a limited irrational missile attack from some such nation as Red China [or] protection against a mistakenly launched Russian missile"—the very reasons given by McNamara two weeks later.

Having prodded the Defense Department into action, the President will also have partially pleased the Joint Chiefs of Staff and those congressional committee leaders who have constantly called for a full-scale ABM system (cost between $20 and $50 billion as against $5 billion for the "thin" Nike-X system). Senator Pastore, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, called the decision "a starter toward an over-all effective anti-ballistic system." This in spite of McNamara's warning against the "temptation" to expand the light Chinese-oriented system into a heavy Soviet-oriented system.

Effective, then, in terms of domestic politics, but effective strategically? McNamara's case against the "heavy" system runs thus: ABM systems consist of long-range (Spartan) and short-range (Sprint) missiles homing on incoming missiles. Russia, or the U.S. come to that, can always defeat ABM systems by sending in hundreds more missiles, with dummy warheads if preferred. The heaviest ABM system would thus be ineffective against a serious attack and would spur the enemy's production of ICBMs and hence intensify the arms race. The only realistic use of ABM is against international kookery (of the Fail-Safe or Crazed Chinese variety) and for the defense of our own Minuteman bases, i.e. strengthening of our *offensive* capability. Refusal to build a heavy system does not, McNamara claims, mean that the Administration has lessened its commitment to maintain American offensive superiority, to prevent the Russians ever obtaining a first-strike capability which would eliminate the American power of retaliation.

But this argument overlooks the fact that, in nuclear logic, defense is inextricably linked with offense. A heavy ABM system would combine with the American ICBMs to reduce Russia's power of retaliation and hence increase the American first-strike capability. Of course this would be a spur to Russia to increase her stock of ICBMs or to beef up what are believed to be her preparations for a thin ABM system, but then the U.S.'s present superiority in ICBMs is also such a spur. In fact the improvement of our defense rather than our offense would surely be less likely to foment Russian alarm.

If a foolproof ABM shield were available, McNamara says that of course he would construct one. No doubt, but this is not the point. No shield has ever been foolproof, yet no sensible warrior has left his shield at home on that account. Even the complexities of nuclear debate cannot obscure the simple fact that the best defense available is better than no defense at all. A good deal better.

Gold, Taxes, Inflation & Co.

1) One of the first acts of the Roosevelt Administration (1934) was to make it a crime for a U.S. citizen to own gold within the U.S. One of the last acts of the Eisenhower Administration (1960) was to make it a crime for a U.S. citizen to own gold anywhere in the world. (Always excluding technical users and "genuine numismatists.") In 1965 the Johnson Administration sought, and got, legislation cutting the previously required link between the amount of gold held by the Treasury and the amount of loans the Federal Reserve System can grant to the commercial banks.

Now it looks as if the final link between our money system and gold will be severed. Treasury Secretary Fowler and Rep. Henry Reuss have proposed the repeal of the present statute that limits the issue of Federal Reserve Notes (paper money) to four times the face value of the Treasury's gold holdings (valued at $35 per ounce).

If the legislation passes, and we think it will, it will make the whole U.S. gold supply available for foreign purchase at $35 an ounce. There are two opinions on the outcome. One group thinks there will be no great rush for our gold—since there's so much of it, isn't there? The others think our gold will be quickly soaked up by eager foreign buyers—since it's obviously underpriced and this is one way to make a killing, isn't it?

2) Of the many reasons for our embarrassment in gold, one of the more important is the unremitting inflation of our money supply in the last ten years.

"You're dating yourself with your quaint way of turning on!"

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This has led to a higher price level at home, encouraging Americans to buy foreign goods imported, and discouraging foreigners from buying American goods. This has encouraged, in turn, "capital export"—American direct investment in overseas markets to take advantage of lower foreign price levels (when those prices are a production cost). Such decisions, made daily a million times for a decade, have accelerated the pile-up of dollar balances in foreign banks. Net foreign short-term dollar claims now amount to double our total gold supply. How good, then, is a dollar claim held by a foreigner? And will it be better or worse if we continue our monetary inflation? The answer is self-evident.

3) Perhaps that is why, on the eve of a long and difficult campaign for re-election, the Johnson Administration openly advocates the worst medicine any politician can ever be called upon to administer: a tax rise. Knowing that it is next to impossible to finance the prospective fiscal-year 1968 deficit of $30 billion in a non-inflationary manner, the Administration hopes to "fight inflation" by raising the income tax levy by about $6 billion. If the goal is a balanced budget, the Administration a) falls as far short in advocating a tax rise to cover only 20 per cent of the anticipated deficit, b) is derelict in failing to advocate drastic cuts in spending, and c) is disingenuous in implying that a balanced budget automatically kills inflation.

Consider a dictatorship in which all money income is confiscated by the state and spent on state projects, and the money supply increases year by year. Tax rates having reached 100 per cent of income, no further tax rise can "fight inflation." Only the state can fight inflation; and that is because only the state (in its capacity of central banker) can create inflation.

4) What should be done, then? To fight inflation, the Administration must stop swelling the money supply (instead, the Federal Reserve Board continues on a course of "monetary ease"). To balance the budget, the Administration must reduce expenditures *at least* dollar-for-dollar with any tax increase it advocates. To escape the drastic discipline of a run on gold, Washington must discipline itself.

Political Talk

(In no particular order, reflecting the actual situation): **President Johnson** is moving into New Hampshire pretty far, some think, ahead of schedule. He has a poll of Democratic governors and party chairmen which forecasts a tough fight to smother. Other polls show the GOP gang moving up on him. California's powerful Jesse Unruh has abandoned LBJ for the moment: a necessary gesture in pre-convention skirmishing. Racial news from Milwaukee and Gary indicates that old-time white Democratic precincts will turn against LBJ (whether to the GOP or to George Wallace, mayhap knoweth even King Kong not). The new national vice-chairman of the ADA, Allard Lowenstein, is lining up a national cabal to oppose LBJ. No wonder Johnson has 1) started the New Hampshire game early, and 2) brandished the last plank of the 1964 Goldwater platform with his Kansas City jeremiad on "crime in the streets."

Nelson Rockefeller, according to a Gallup poll (Sept. 17), would beat Johnson (Rocky 48, LBJ 46). This is the first time Rockefeller has looked so good. Two days later (Sept. 19) Rockefeller again denied any interest in the Presidency. Nevertheless, it is rumored that Rockefeller money will finance a pro-Reagan write-in campaign in New Hampshire in order to subtract conservative votes from Nixon in the GOP primary (write-in campaigns do not require the candidate's approval; Reagan has announced he'd withdraw from the regular primary ballot in N.H.). Meanwhile Rockefeller went the extra mile and gave a call to dear old . . .

George Romney. Both Rockefeller and Scranton called him to assure him that in the confusion following his awakening from the stupor caused by his Vietnam brainwashing the best thing he could do would be to attack. And attack Romney did. He commenced a nineteen-day seventeen-city tour (launch-pad: Detroit) to learn about municipal government (Tr.: how to keep the natives quiet). He painted some clapboard walls in Brooklyn and was photographed with a miniskirted barmaid in St. Louis. Romney is doing Rocky's bidding. The last thing Rockefeller wants, with a poll showing him licking LBJ right now, is to peak too soon. Let Romney decline gradually.

Richard Nixon plays head-up ball. Political reporter David Broder guesses that the eventual disappearance of George Romney will divide the field between Nixon and Reagan. Broder says Mr. Nixon has already made overtures to the portside GOP, looking ahead to Stassenization of Romney. Nixon has already opened up his New Hampshire campaign with the appointment of N.H. state representative David Sterling as his campaign manager. It would be interesting if Nixon replied to the rumored Rockefeller tactic by secretly financing a pro-Romney write-in to hurt Rockefeller.

Charles Percy is playing Rockefeller's game of supporting other Republicans and lying low. His stock has moved up a fraction (in dull trading) with Senator Dirksen's announcement that if Percy wanted to lead a favorite-son delegation from Illinois to the GOP National Convention, he, Dirksen, would not stand in his way. Neither would he, Dirksen, go so far as to vociferate his support of Percy's quasi-candidacy.

Ronald Reagan is clearly engaged in gradual escala-

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tion. He has called a conference of governors. His attacks on the Johnson Administration are almost daily. His speaking tours will take him far from Sacramento this fall—into Nixon country, it seems: Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Texas, South Carolina. A carefully accelerated schedule of national television appearances will get going on October 15 (ABC: "Issues and Answers"). In the last fortnight the opposition has invented another clincher. Two weeks ago the argument was that Reagan actually is a poor governor. Now it's this: since he's merely the artificial flower of television jungle, he cannot last. Such ephemera bloom and then forever die. It's 1968 or never for Ronald Reagan. So say his opponents.

The Inscrutable East Side

On First Avenue the UN is back in session. The delegates are gloomy. Vietnam hangs over them. The Middle East hangs over them. Rhodesia hangs over them. They must do something but they don't know what. They hang over South West Africa. South West Africa must become independent by June, independent from South Africa. Next business.

The microstates. Pitcairn Island, with an area of two square miles and a population of 88, cannot become a member of the UN. Independence does not mean the right to sit with the big boys like Lesotho, Botswana and the Maldives, which now hold the balance of power in the General Assembly. Besides, can Pitcairn Island afford New York rents? The problem of the microstates must be studied. Is South West Africa a microstate? Next.

Red China. It will not be seated. "Peking's statements and actions," said U Thant, "confuse even many of its sympathizers."

No doubt. There were other developments in the matter of confusion and U Thant. Thant has been taking every opportunity independently to condemn U.S. "aggression" in Vietnam. A speech he made at a Quaker conference in Greensboro, N.C. last July moved even the *Washington Post* to remark how "he flagrantly distorts history and encourages the illusions on which aggression feeds." In New York last week Thant resumed his role as inside dopester and unofficial mediator in the conflict. Again he insisted that if the U.S. really wanted peace we could have it "within three or four weeks" after we stop the bombing. Again he informed us that Hanoi would have no part of the U.S. condition that she also reduce her war effort. And he tossed in the hot item that in fact Hanoi is preparing to accept "volunteer" military aid, presumably from Red China and North Korea. Not precisely news to the State Department or indeed to anyone else who has been following the war. As a mediator, unofficial or otherwise, Mr. Thant is quite impossible. As an inside dopester he does not fascinate. Perhaps the trouble with Thant is that the United Nations, like the microstates, is too small for its own breeches.

The Rover Boys Retaliate

President Johnson insists on doing things that Just Aren't Done. For example, one Just Doesn't undercut the amateur diplomacy-dabblings of resident sachems at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions—and so it was that last week the papers gave big play to Mr. Harry Ashmore's outraged bleats. Mr. Ashmore, it seems, went to Hanoi last December to invite Papa Ho to the Center's "Pacem in Terris II" conclave (Ho stayed home, predictably; predictably, the meeting found great fault with our presence in Vietnam). Back in this country in February, Mr. Ashmore and his traveling companion, William Baggs, met with some second-level types at State and drafted a nice letter to Ho to the effect that this country was ready to stop bombing and negotiate provided North Vietnam offered "some reciprocal restraint."

But when the Ashmore letter reached Hanoi, Ho already had one from President Johnson saying essentially the same thing, and spelling out that the "reciprocal restraint" should be an immediate cessation of infiltration of the South by the North. That letter, said Mr. Ashmore, "effectively and brutally" sabotaged his own efforts. It was "quite harsh," whereas his own letter was "quite conciliatory." It "thoroughly disposed of the careful tampering we had undertaken in those long fly-specking sessions" with the State Department people. In other words, the President's letter made specific proposals, while Mr. Ashmore's was pleasantly vague, carefully designed to avoid giving offense. And now Mr. Ashmore is just furious.

William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and one of those present at the "long fly-specking sessions," put the matter in some perspective when he reminded the press that "Mr.

The Priest That Made Milwaukee Famous

You know the name: it's Father James Groppi.
I got to know him watching Channel 2.
Let's face it, Groppi's not about to stop.
(The Archbishop gives the guy a good review.)
Apparently the logic goes like this:
We still think saving souls is apropos;
And, naturally, no one wants to miss
Sweet chariots whenever they swing low.
But, man, like this is 1967!
These cats don't dig the halo and the crown.
A Caddy and a color set, that's heaven . . .
And so is raising hell in honky town.
I know it makes the opposition smirk,
But where is Christ in all this social work?

W. H. von Dreele

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In the Next Issue

Advice to Conservatives for '68
by Wm. A. Rusher
The Men Around Nixon by Neal B. Freeman

Ashmore yields to an understandable feeling that his own channel was the center of the stage. It was not: It was a very, very small part of the total picture." Horrors! At the time, Bundy explained, State saw "nothing hopeful" in Ashmore's efforts, but still felt that an attempt should be made. Double horrors! What probably happened was that Ashmore was bound and determined to play diplomat, and so State let him send his letter (drafted, by the way, with the help of Senator Fulbright).

Questions remain. Ashmore accuses State of schizophrenia: Rusk was a bad guy, who helped the President sabotage the peace feeler; the second-level men—Bundy, Nicholas Katzenbach et cetera—were sincerely interested in a bombing halt and negotiated settlement. Here there may be a glimmer of truth, for in the Washington of Lyndon Johnson so many options are kept open that one office knows not what the office down the hall is up to. But why did Ashmore wait seven months to cry foul—and why was State so indiscriminate in its selection of unofficial intermediaries? According to Bundy, "we've got to keep probing" by whatever means are available. But is it realistic to use agents of the Fulbright-CSDI axis for unofficial business?

Stick-in-the-HUDs

There is no proposal so sensible that federal bureaucrats will not resist it with the last ounce of protocol. Senator Robert Kennedy's plans for tax inducements to private enterprise to provide jobs for the poor and unskilled and to build factories and low-cost housing in the ghettoes have been widely welcomed, not least by those Republicans who thought of them way back. Senators Percy and Javits have suggested other schemes of the same ilk and foreign countries have been operating some such for years.

Nevertheless, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz attacked tax credits for ghetto factories back in July. Now HUD (Housing and Urban Development) Secretary Robert Weaver and Treasury Under Secretary Joseph Barr have weighed in on the housing side. Weaver claimed the scheme was superfluous because the Administration's 221-D3 mortgage program has provided for 145,000 low-cost housing units (not all completed) since 1962. Chickenfeed, and anyway Weaver misses the point. 221-D3 caters to non-profit or limited profit sponsors asking only a 6-8 per cent gross return. The RFK plan offers, as any plan aimed at private enterprise must, a 12-19 per cent return. But Barr produced the real reason for the bureaucrats' obduracy—"a threat to the tax code," providing help for "a relatively small proportion of the population in a relatively small proportion of the total geographical area." Yes, it does omit the Wyoming ghettoes and the Alaskan slums, but they have not been rioting.

Is it not worth thus milking the sacred cow of the Internal Revenue (already mulcted for far more devious purposes)? The tax code was not brought down from Mount Sinai but improvised to meet such national needs as private enterprise allegedly could not handle. If private enterprise can be re-enlisted, so much the more efficient. Former IRS Commissioner Mortimer Caplin and former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon clearly recognized this. While agreeing that taxes should be so used sparingly, Caplin pointed out that "to state our tax law should never be used for social or economic purposes is to ignore past history and reality."

The opposition, it is said, should be blamed not on the bureaucrats but on the President himself, who does not wish to be upstaged by Bobby's Greater Society. If true, half-witted. There is no surer way of getting upstaged than unimaginatively turning down a scheme which enjoys deserved public support. LBJ's correct gambit would be to welcome Kennedy's initiative as chiming with the Administration's ideas and then smartly to incorporate it in his own plans, if any. His officials' response reflects the Administration's creeping intellectual exhaustion.

Sanity at Pittsburgh

The big hit at Pittsburgh on Labor Day weekend at the annual convention of the Young Americans for Freedom wasn't John Tower, though he was splendid, or Barry Goldwater, who was ditto, or any other of the half-dozen luminaries, ditto, but a young Negro student, seventeen years old, from San Antonio, Texas. He was a hit partly because of what he said and how he said it: but also he was a hit because of the way the audience of ardent young conservatives responded to him. That is to say, he brought out the best in them, and they were pleased—pleased with themselves. As well they might have been when one considers how their counterparts on the Left would have treated a guest speaker who spoke out, say, in favor of our involvement in Vietnam, or against the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, or against Free Marijuana.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ "From whence came their qualifications to criticize?" Attorney General Ramsey Clark rhetorically asked Rep. Dante B. Fascell (D., Fla.) in an open-faced political reply to congressional Republican attacks on the Administration's anti-crime program. Citing statistics showing an increase in organized crime, the Attorney General, who not too many weeks ago belittled use of national crime statistics, accused the GOP position of "partisan, political distortions." Along with the President's own letter-writing activities to Senate and House members, urging passage of his gun control and "safe streets" bill, Clark's McNamara-like political outburst is part of the LBJ-directed counterattack on what the President himself is said to consider the No. 2 "gut" issue of the coming campaign. Little has been done, however, to narrow the semantic gap between popular and Administrative understanding of crime, its causes and effects. The President's address to the International Association of Chiefs of Police ignored law enforcement officials' calls for legislation to plug loopholes created by recent federal court decisions. Thus, the first real test of White house *bona fides* on the crime issue may come within the next month, upon Senate approval of the Omnibus Crime Bill for the District of Columbia. The President vetoed a similar bill last year, heeding advisers who disliked its hardnosed approach to Washington's rising crime rate. Congressional sponsors now feel that the President will not risk a veto of the 1967 version. Most recent report shows major criminal offenses in the National Capital area, from January through June 1967, running no less than 30 per cent over the same six-month period last year.

◆ O What a Tangled Web Department: Quick-hitting and with swift lateral movement to the right side, University of Washington coach Jim Owen is being boosted as possible Republican opponent to veteran Democratic left line backer Senator Warren "Maggie" Magnuson next year. If he does run, say insiders, it will be a neat reverse on Magnuson strategists who originated the story in an effort to jack up a sagging campaign war chest. Once kicked off, however, the idea of Owen's candidacy caught on with state GOPers looking for the right man to match against Magnuson. Word is that Owen, playing them one at a time, won't think of any '68 campaign until his Husky squad has completed its ten-game schedule. Then, it just might be that the prestigious chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee will have to make his run for re-election against a man who happens to be a disciple of Alabama coach "Bear" Bryant's philosophy that "winning isn't everything, but it beats anything that comes in second."

◆ With failure of the Right-to-Work repeal campaigns in the 89th Congress, AFL-CIO congressional strategists moved the building trades unions favored "common situs" bill up to No. 1 position on its legislative "must" list. Guided through the House Education and Labor Committee by Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), the bill, which would repeal Taft-Hartley prohibitions against secondary boycotting, looked headed for passage early this year. But now the proposal, running into House Rules Committee opposition, has lost momentum. And union lobbyists are once again muttering to themselves about White House failure to deliver as promised.

◆ The political impact of divorce and remarriage will be tested again next year in two Eastern Senate races involving incumbent Democrats. GOPollsters in Pennsylvania are headed back to their surveying boards to determine what effect Senator Joseph Clark's remarriage might have on his chances for re-election. Earlier polls showed Clark running well ahead of Rep. Richard Schweiker and State Senator John Tabor, with former Governor Scranton, who says he isn't interested, the only Republican with any possibility of defeating the senior Keystone senator in '68. In neighboring Maryland, Senator Daniel Brewster is also running counter to accepted political shibboleth, having divorced and remarried earlier this year. Likely Republican challenger for Brewster's seat will be Rep. Charles Mathias.

—CATO

That was the thing of it. Young Mr. Ailan Keyes, though attracted to a part of the philosophy of YAF, rejected some of its most cherished principles, such as that legislation state and federal are largely useless instruments for combatting discrimination. Mr. Keyes thought differently, and there was nervousness in the large banquet hall with its thousand delegates from all over the country who were there not only to think and to analyze, but also to cheer their heroes and boo their enemies: there was a total silence, a respectful silence.

They were—of all things—listening. In part because they were disposed to do so perhaps in reaction against the anti-intellectualist discourtesy of the left protesters who either boo the opposition or march noisily out. But also because the young Mr. Keyes spoke with a singular eloquence. And what he said wasn't all of it heretical from the conservative point of view. He also spoke of the necessity to view the struggle of the black people as taking decades and generations, thus showing a contempt for the instant evangelism of Freedom Now. And he spoke of the necessity for individual responsibility, and of the great opportunities open to the minorities in our relatively free and relatively mobile society. When he finished, the Convention rose and applauded him—and in a sense themselves, and quite rightly too.

It was the seventh convention of the Young Ameri-

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cans for Freedom who, by contrast with the Students for a Democratic Society, are an oldish organization. Their constituency is the high school student, the undergraduate and post-graduate and young professional, age from about sixteen to thirty or so. They are unselfconscious, keenly aware that the life of the mind is the special concern of those who care to cultivate a rational basis for freedom; dignified and fun-loving. And there was more individuality in the one room at the Hilton Hotel in Pittsburgh than you see in Haight-Ashbury, which is the biggest broken record in America, in a season.

While the New Left was on exhibit in Chicago (See *NR*, Sept. 19), demonstrating yet again the intellectual and moral futility of anarchy and the self-destructiveness of denying other people's rights in the vague attempt to establish your own, YAFers met, listened to the first echelon of American political orators, had themselves a spirited election for the presidency (the victor is Alan MacKay, a young lawyer from Boston), and did some hard thinking on a number of resolutions that had been distributed.

Indeed, they ran out of time, so that instead of simply rubber-stamping those that had not been thoroughly discussed, the leadership showed the good sense to move to send them back to the local chapters for ratification.

Those they did pass were thoughtful and generic, pleasingly radical in the best sense of the word. "Whereas a 22-year-old worker earning $6,600 or more a year will have paid the Federal Government $63,894 in social security taxes and interest by the time he is 65; and whereas the most he can get back under present law is $3,024 a year or $252 a month; and whereas, if the same worker invested in a pension plan he could get back $5,933 a year or $494 a month"—a few more whereases like that, and YAF resolved to recommend direct government subsidies for the poor, and placing social security on a voluntary basis.

Other resolutions called for abolishing the minimum wage ("Whereas in 1948 the legal federal minimum wage was 40¢ an hour, unemployment among teen-age workers, white and Negro, was about 8 per cent. In 1950 the rate was raised to 75¢ an hour. Almost immediately unemployment among Negro teenagers jumped to about 15 per cent and unemployment among whites jumped to about 12 per cent . . .") Etc. And a philosophically tough, finely honed argument against the progressive feature of the income tax. Support for the Vietnam war.

They do not make the headlines, such ventures in sanity. But there are those who will be glad to know there are such people out there, and that they are more nearly representative of American youth than all the keening of the Fugs about the failure of the world to sweet their senses.

The End of MRP

Its birth can be clearly delineated. It was born with Liberation. But on what day it died is less certain. It was mortally stricken in 1958, but the illness was lingering and the obituaries are just now being written. It was France's Popular Republican Party (MRP — *le Mouvement Républicain Populaire*), the French version of the Christian Democratic parties that rule in five of the six nations of the European Community. It was, originally, a Catholic party with "progressive social welfare goals."

The MRP was founded by Georges Bidault, the leader of the French resistance. For the first nine years of its existence—from 1945 to 1954—either Bidault or Robert Schumann occupied the Quai D'Orsay. They had a vision of a united Europe and were the architects of the European Coal and Steel Community, the European Defense Community, and, ultimately, the Common Market. Schumann, indeed, is known as the "father of Europe."

The MRP was France's largest party in 1945, but in the immediate postwar years it slipped to third place, behind the Communists and the Socialists. It participated in most of the 25 governments of the Fourth Republic, being excluded for the first time in 1954 when Pierre Mendès-France, a Radical Socialist, became premier after the fall of Dien Bien Phu on the promise that he would end the dirty war in Indochina in thirty days—or resign. That brought about the Geneva conference whose results we are now seeing in Vietnam. The MRP refused to take part in the Mendès-France government, or in the successor regime that gave Morocco and Tunisia independence. Bidault and Schumann had each served twice as premier (in the 4th, 7th, 9th and 11th cabinets) and it was, ironically, a third member of the MRP, Premier Pierre Pflimlin, who turned over the reins of government to Charles de Gaulle, thereby writing finis to the Fourth Republic in May of 1958. Bidault, a de Gaulle ally during the war, and his cohorts, were certain that the Free French leader would be able to save what remained of the French empire.

Then the years of disillusionment, the fragmentation of a party that no longer could hope to exercise, or attain to power, the alienation from the Elysée, open opposition and finally, in Georges Bidault's case, flight into exile. The party limped on, not knowing it was dead. Last week, its ruling members made it official. The MRP was no longer a party, they decreed. It will be a club dedicated "to political studies and fraternal ties with other Christian Democratic parties." Its weekly newspaper closed down and its remaining adherents were encouraged to join Jean Lecanuet's Center Democratic Party. But it, or something like it, might rise again.

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the gospel according to ayn rand

M. STANTON EVANS

Ayn Rand is big on campus, a cult. Stanton Evans explains why, analyzes her position, concludes she is right and wrong, but more wrong than right

Who is Ayn Rand?

The question, which echoes the tagline of Miss Rand's most massive book and forms the title of an admiring study by her colleague Nathaniel Branden, needs answering. Most people know, of course, the surface data of Miss Rand's career. She is a famous novelist, a former writer for motion pictures, an expatriate from Russia with a Russian taste for long prophetic fiction. So much is clear.

Where she fits in the conceptual scheme of American politics is, however, more difficult to say. For Miss Rand is a kind of philosophical enigma —an anti-collectivist who proclaims herself, and is in turn proclaimed, an enemy to conservatives. That mixture of attributes has stirred controversy on the American Right ever since Whittaker Chambers reviewed her enormous novel, *Atlas Shrugged,* in the pages of this magazine some ten years ago this December.

Perhaps the most striking thing about Miss Rand's philosophizing is a certainty of tone and manner seldom equaled in political discourse. Miss Rand has, above all else, a profound sense of adequacy. She has set up shop as a combination system-builder, historian and political theorist, and claims to have a self-enclosed logical and ethical position impregnable to critique. From this fastness she impartially belabors philosophers, clerics and politicians of every conceivable persuasion. She is ready to challenge all comers and thinks nothing of dismissing a battalion of sages with a single stroke of rhetoric.

Miss Rand is a scarifier in substance as well as tone. She takes obvious delight in turning all the accepted values topside down, embracing as virtues what everybody else considers vices. Foremost among her transvalued values is selfishness, which she holds to be not only admirable but the key to all else that is worth admiring. To underscore the point, she has entitled one of her polemical books *The Virtue of Selfishness.* Her enthusiasms are few but notable: Aristotle, the American Founding Fathers, businessmen in the mould of Big Jim Fisk. All in all, she is probably the most thoroughgoing advocate of *laissez-faire* capitalism ever to set pen to paper, a fact she has symbolized by taking the dollar sign as the emblem of her order. If you could multiply Herbert Spencer by William Graham Sumner, you would get Ayn Rand.

Miss Rand's philosophy is spelled out by one of her novelistic heroes as follows: "The first right on earth is the right of the ego. Man's first duty is to himself. His moral law is never to place his prime goal within the persons of others. His moral obligation is to do what he wishes, provided his wish does not depend primarily upon other men. This includes the whole sphere of his creative faculty, his thinking, his work. But it does not include the sphere of the gangster, the altruist and the dictator." Asked to expound the relevance of such fictional sentiments to her own opinions, Miss Rand says the latter can be capsuled in a single phrase: "And I mean it!"

Unsurprisingly, these statements and others like them have brought the Randian system under punishing attack. *La Pasionaria* of self has been described as everything from an anarchist to an incipient Hitler. She has drawn editorial thunder from left and right—Catholic priests, religious conservatives, liberals like Granville Hicks, socialists like Sidney Hook. She has even been attacked in the collegiate *New Individualist Review,* a classical liberal journal in which her free-enterprising ways might be expected to be well if not enthusiastically received.

Despite the dismal universal hiss, Miss Rand's influence is wide and apparently spreading. Her books have gained a popular success which few of her critics, if any, have been able to attain. *The Fountainhead,* first of her novels to be published in this country, has now sold more than half a million copies in hard cover and better than a million in paperback. *Atlas Shrugged,* the author's answer to *War and Peace,* has sold nearly a million copies in combined hard-cover and paperback editions—which, considering the length and repetitive nature of the book, is perhaps even more awesome than the performance of the less sententious *Fountainhead.*

Through her books Miss Rand has attracted a coterie of followers who share her commitments and aversions. And there are signs—reflected in the reportedly increasing readership of her publication, *The Objectivist Newsletter*—that her creed is winning converts well beyond her immediate circle, particularly among young people. They, in turn, tend to canonize

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her and to treat any criticism of her movement as sacrilegious. It would therefore seem important for conservatives to find out whether she is conducting the battle against collectivism well or ill. Or whether, in fact, she may not be doing some of both.

Although her critics do not spend much time acknowledging it, there are a number of subjects on which Miss Rand is right, and respecting which her counsel is quite reliable. Foremost among these is that class of issues having to do with the secular conditions of freedom. She uses "freedom" in its strict and pristine sense, to mean the absence of coercion. She repeatedly stresses, as some who use the word do not, that it has to do with the removal of constraint, not with somebody's privilege of imposing constraint on somebody else. She appreciates the counterpoise of autonomies that constitutes true liberty, in which each man is free to swing his arms but not to connect with his neighbor's nose.

Miss Rand has, moreover, an excellent grasp of the way capitalism is supposed to work, the efficiencies of free enterprise, the central role of private property and the profit motive, the mutual benefits of free exchange, the social and political costs of welfare schemes which seek to compel a false benevolence. She is a powerful critic of bureaucrats, planners, and social engineers, and an effective satirist of the intellectual flux and slither in which modern relativism seeks to bury moral issues. No one is more relentless in exposing the shifting categories, begged questions, and bootlegged premises which characterize so much of current liberal discourse.

Enemy of Appeasement

Nor does this exhaust the catalogue of Randian virtues. She is also a trenchant anti-Communist and enemy of appeasement. Having lived in the Soviet Union, she knows the menace of Communism too well to accept the pacifism which has found lodgment in some professedly libertarian circles. By the same token, she is an intransigent critic of the domestic subversives and philosophical illiterates who have of late been indulging themselves in the right to riot. And, finally, she is a political realist, unwilling to accept the vapidities of me-tooism, ready to take up the cudgels for a political figure when she thinks his candidacy makes a difference. Her books abound with much good doctrine on these and other subjects.

Can anyone who has recoiled from the juiceless orthodoxies of the day fail to respond, in some degree, to Miss Rand's elaboration of such themes? Chambers was in error, I think, when he suggested that beneath the libertarian surface she was a kind of unconscious Nazi; he was misled by the imperious tone and Nietzschean exaltations. The resemblances to Nietzsche are unmistakable, but they end precisely where the will to power begins. Whatever else Miss Rand may be, she is an uncompromising libertarian, meticulously consistent in her distaste for all the compulsory "isms." That is, in a collectivist age, a rather important virtue.

It is the combination of zeal and libertarian clarity, indeed, which forms the most obvious basis of her appeal. That she has found so large an audience suggests she has touched some vital nerve deep within the exhausted tissue of our culture—some latent dissatisfaction with all the weasel words and soft evasions. Her unwillingness to compromise in tone or content has probed a secret redoubt where the American people are ready to affirm, with respect to the whole smarmy liberal ethic, that they are fed up. Her vindication of the person, her strident affirmations of freedom undefiled, cut through the fog and treacle like a sword of liberating vengeance. These are matters in which Miss Rand, in this writer's view, is most refreshingly right. And it is her rightness, I believe, which is chiefly responsible for her popular success. But there are other matters, unfortunately, in which she is depressingly wrong. And because the two are freely intermingled in her writing, there exists the danger that her bad counsel will be uncritically accepted along with the good. It is a danger which must be guarded against. For although she understands freedom very well as an existential proposition, Miss Rand shows no signs of understanding the spiritual and historical conditions that are antecedent to it.

Seeking a philosophical base for libertarian utopia, Miss Rand falls back upon what would seem, for someone who has witnessed the effects of Marxism, to be a much-discredited formula—the dogma of atheist humanism. If we would establish a free society, she says, we must make war upon religion—the Christian religion in particular. Religion is an irrational "mysticism," the realm of "witch doctors" and weaklings who make common cause with thugs and torturers. The "mysticism of mind" and the "mysticism of muscle" are, in the Randian conception of things, equally to be condemned.

This is, in all major points, the standard left-liberal fare with which we have been regaled for years—the very matrix of the relativism Miss Rand despises.

With Diderot, Feuerbach, Marx

How often have we heard the liberal history lesson rehearsed? Man had freedom during classical antiquity, lost it with the rise of the Middle Ages, regained it with the re-flowering of pagan themes in the Renaissance. We liberate man therefore by casting down the Christian idols and striking off the shackles of ancient superstition. That is your liberal history professor talking; also Ayn Rand. Diderot, Feuerbach and Marx, in different words and from different perspectives, have said it before. And now Miss Rand, at considerable length, is saying it all again. She is perhaps not to be severely blamed for reciting this secular mythology, since it is by now imbedded in the Jacobin recesses of modern textbooks and intellectual histories. But it should be apparent that, having swallowed the liberal history lesson whole, she is ill equipped to become the anti-liberal redeemer.

Miss Rand is in the difficult position of trying to combat a philosophical adversary while accepting his metaphysics—an enterprise whose hazards, in other cases than her own, she fully understands. The Randian ethic is in fact but a particular instance of a problem which afflicts the whole of our society, liberal and conservative alike. She traverses the familiar questions: Can faith in God be reconciled with liberty for man?

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Is Christian belief compatible with libertarian attachment? Is capitalism anti-Christian? These are, it seems, central dilemmas of the era. The activities of the National Council of Churches—to mention only one convenient example—have raised them quite as sharply as has *Atlas Shrugged.* It should serve as some kind of warning to her followers that Miss Rand and the NCC, albeit from opposing sides of the issue, come to identical answers.

Let Christianity Go

Miss Rand believes as devoutly as did Walter Rauschenbusch that Christianity and capitalism are incompatible. She has merely made the opposite choice in deciding which of the two should be retained; she wants to keep the capitalism and let the Christianity go. The evil of the Christian faith, she says, is its emphasis on altruism. She thinks there is no idea more pernicious than that of denying oneself for the benefit of others. Her own basic value principle, the leading apothegm of Self, is that "an organism's life is its standard of value; that which furthers its life is the good; that which threatens it is evil. . ." By which, she makes clear, she means physical life here on earth. Her ultimate standard of value, whence all else is to be derived, is thus *the physical survival of the individual organism;* efforts to establish criteria of behavior not referable to this *ultima ratio* are forays into "mysticism." Since Christianity attempts to set up such criteria, it is "anti-life" and tantamount to slavery.

Waiving the theological questions, let us simply inquire whether such a position will in fact lead on to freedom. Miss Rand is certain it does—so certain that she says all subsidiary rules of liberty derive from the great primal insight of Christianity denied. But a little reflection should tell us otherwise—as does, in fact, her own performance in subsequent elaborations of her system. For it becomes readily apparent that, by taking away the interior restraints of religious belief, Miss Rand also takes away some necessary elements of freedom. Liberty of the sort she wants cannot exist, after all, without limitations of some kind on the way individuals behave. Men who submit to the sway of impulse are not free, either psychologically or politically. Guided only by the physical imperatives of survival, a man might do almost anything—including a number of things destructive to the Randian regime of freedom.

Such a man might, for example, become one of Miss Rand's principal villains, the "looter." Or, given a different temperament, he might become a bureaucrat, or a social engineer, or a politician. He might even go on welfare. In any of these capacities, he could very well insure his own physical survival while laying waste the general libertarian design. In which case it follows, as Miss Rand tacitly acknowledges, that naked survival will not do. The skeleton must be clothed. Thus we find her gradually reintroducing various moral restraints on individual behavior which her original definition has stripped away. These limitations, somewhat randomly set forward, are chiefly three: 1) "Survival" does not mean mere survival as an animal, but survival as "man *qua* man"—that is, as being capable of dignity and noble aspirations; 2) Selfishness does not rule out "authentic benevolence"—concern for others because they are, for various reasons, valued by the self; 3) Selfishness is premised on the understanding that rational men can think themselves into a proper regard for others, and will seek nothing from their neighbors which has not been earned. Taken together, these notions would obviously impose some limitations on would-be "looters" and other undesirables. But what is there in Miss Rand's first principle that makes any of them logical or necessary? In what way are they derivative from the physical survival of the individual organism?

Consider, for example, the case of a celebrated gentleman recently in the news who has followed his desire to tropic ports, violated the law, abandoned his wife, absconded with public funds, and is a liberal Democrat into the bargain. In what way does he violate the cardinal rule of Self? Miss Rand may attack him as an "animal," declare him lacking in authentic benevolence, accuse him of nodding over the *Organon.* So what? He is surviving, extending the sway of impulse, piling up some wealth, avoiding physical pain and death. Having lived out his deliciously selfish existence, he may very well expire in his sleep at the age of 93, a millionaire twice over. He will have survived as a physical organism very well indeed.

"Authentic benevolence" is, in such a case, particularly unrewarding. Miss Rand attempts to show that selfishness is compatible, e.g., with love of family—since the family is an extension of the self. She cites in illustration a hypothetical case of false philanthropy, in which a man neglects his wife to spread largess among people he does not know. True morality, she concludes, requires him to tend to his family, where his own personal interests lie. This allegedly proves the oneness of self with moral rectitude, the equation of "altruism" with immorality. But, as too often occurs, Miss Rand has skipped the hard questions to make verbal games with the easy ones.

The chief issue in this hypothetical situation, clearly, is not between one's family and the *outside world,* but between one's family and *oneself.* Miss Rand correctly denounces "altruists" who would neglect wife and children to mollycoddle strangers—although cases of this sort are, on the record, comparatively infrequent. She has nothing to say about the egotist who neglects wife and child to feed his appetites—a case which is much more common. Isn't the man who gambles, drinks, speculates or otherwise squanders time and resources on his own pursuits at the expense of his family acting out his own selfish vision of his life's fulfilment? And could not anyone who wanted to neglect his family justify his behavior in terms of Miss Rand's "survival" ethic? Such

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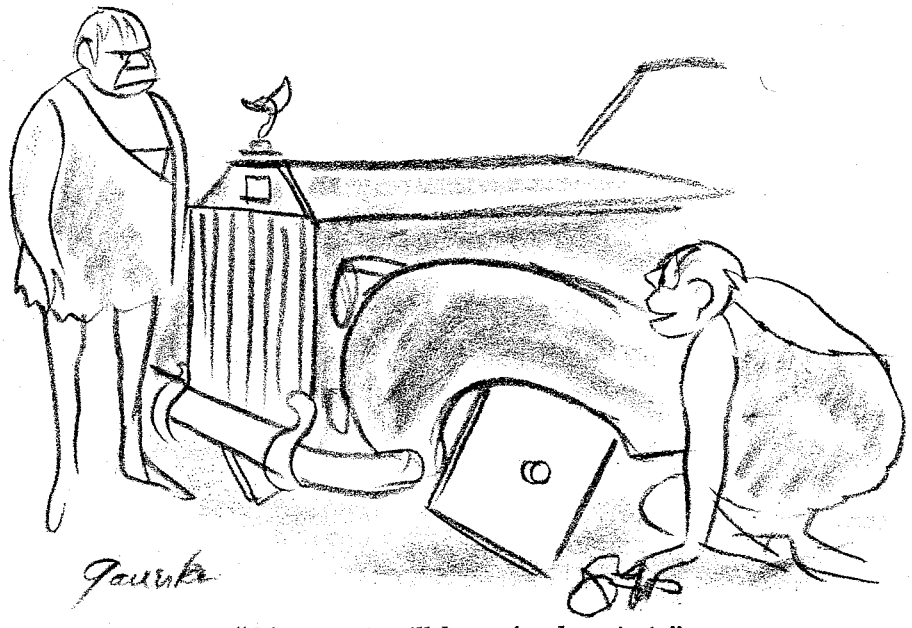

"Of course it still has a few bugs in it."

people can be rebuked only if one introduces an extraneous principle which has nothing to do with selfishness. The asserted modification of Miss Rand's philosophy must become, that is, a cancellation of it.

Finally, it seems most improbable that we can reason the immoralist into perceiving the grand design of liberty in which his own essential interests are engaged. It is a natural failing of mankind that long-term benefits seldom seem as vivid as immediate ones. Even the most intelligent men have trouble sorting out things on so starkly utilitarian a basis. How clear is it, for example, that subsidies and protective tariffs are in fact harmful to the subsidized and the protected? How easy is it to convince the businessman cleaning up on urban renewal or a government contract that he is disserving his own self-interest? Not very. The idea of mankind, devoid of all other ethical baggage, calmly thinking out the calculus of remote advantage at every juncture of life taxes credulity. It won't happen.

Even more to the point, it is apparent that many actions which weaken the general system of freedom are in no way materially harmful to the individuals who commit them, even over the long haul. Many criminals, deadbeats, tyrants, and demagogues have ravaged freedom quite thoroughly but managed to displace the retributive effects to contemporary scapegoats or future innocents. This is, in fact, the precise strategy of the Keynesian inflationists, who pay for today's handouts by debasing tomorrow's currency. In the long run, they tell us, we are all dead; let our children and grandchildren take the consequences. By what principle of *selfishness* will Miss Rand reproach these people?

There is, in sum, no reason to believe the generality of men can be made to subordinate impulse to "man *qua* man," "authentic benevolence," or long-range objectives purely as a matter of selfish calculation. Such self-restraint can take place on a wide scale only if it is supported by a system of belief predicated on something other than "survival." By removing Christianity from her libertarian conspectus, Miss Rand has eliminated one source of such belief. The question becomes what, if anything, she can offer as a replacement. The substitute authority, it becomes increasingly plain, is herself.

Miss Rand is in fact saying that man has a right to be selfish—so long as he accepts certain pre-conditions laid down by Ayn Rand. Selfishness within the limits she has defined is permissible, but selfishness within limits defined by the individual himself is not. The enemy of "mysticism" is doing precisely what she attacks Christianity for doing: imposing on the individual standards derived from a source outside himself, displacing his judgment with her own. The new standard, contrary to the Categorical Imperative of Self, is in fact, not "survival" at all. It is simply the kind of behavior Ayn Rand thinks appropriate to human beings.

Some years ago, in a piece for NATIONAL REVIEW, E. Merrill Root described Miss Rand as a kind of unknowing Christian. Her effort to render the unfettered individual discreetly manageable through cumulative provisos and prohibitions suggests that, in a certain structural sense, this is true. For the vindication of personality that she seeks—the assertion of intrinsic human value framed in dignity—happens to be Christian doctrine *par excellence*. Far from being a product of pagan or Renaissance "humanism," as the liberal history lesson teaches, and Miss Rand believes, the idea of personality is distinctively Christian. The free and sentient individual who respects the mutual claims of other individuals is chiefly a Christian and medieval conception. Liberty of the kind Miss Rand desires was unknown to the ancients; even Aristotle blandly asserts that the individual "belongs to the state." And of course pagan practice as a whole, premised in human slavery, fell far below the standards of an Aristotle or a Seneca.

The ancients could conceive of no authority higher than the *polis;* they believed the state had a total lien on man's energies and affections. It was Christianity which broke this metaphysical impasse and vindicated the integrity of the person, and it was the medieval era in which the doctrine of personality was perfected. Thanks to such "witch doctors" as Boethius and Athenagoras, Duns Scotus and Bonaventure, the free and individuated human being became a major element in Western thought. Nor was the idea confined to the monasteries. With the propagation of the Christian faith, as Lord Acton observed, conceptions which had hitherto been the elusive goal of "patient reasoners" became the common property of the world.

As for political practice, what are we to make of Miss Rand's assertion that Christianity, in keeping with all the despotisms known to man, held "morality was a code applicable to the individual, but not to society. Society was placed *outside* the moral law, as its embodiment or source or exclusive interpreter. . ."? How does one counter so bald an inversion of historical fact? The whole point of

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Christian Natural Law doctrine and Christian medieval practice was precisely that the state *is* subordinate to the moral law. It is just in this respect, as Gierke notes, that medieval statecraft differed most markedly from both antiquity and the Renaissance. Few topics have been so belabored by Christian writers, from Augustine to Hooker (and thence to Locke and America), from Ambrose to the *Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos.*

Miss Rand is of the opinion that limited government, with political authorities held accountable to the constitutional rule of law, sprang to life with the founding of the American union. This is of course untrue. In point of fact, the major features of our constitutional system were an inheritance by way of Great Britain, from the very Middle Ages Miss Rand detests. The idea of constitutionalism as we understand it is specifically medieval, spelled out by Bracton, Fortescue, and retrospectively by Coke; the idea of representative government we owe to the Christian notion of personality and the medieval conception of mutually binding covenants between king and subject; the federal dispersion of power, dependent on the integrity of covenants, is also a feudal survival; and the cornerstone of English and by extension American constitutionalism is that most medieval and feudal of documents, Magna Carta.

It is from these roots in the Christian Middle Ages that the lineaments of the free American order were derived. The ideas of personal liberty and limited government which Miss Rand cherishes were precisely the ideas bequeathed to us by the medieval world. They were also the ideas which Renaissance iconoclasm ripped from the soil of continental Europe, preparing the way for absolute monarchy, absolute Jacobinism, and absolute collectivism—all giddily released from the moral restraints of the Christian medieval order. To read Miss Rand's statements on these matters is to get everything backwards—and to learn how powerful and pervasive the liberal history lesson is.

The contemporary case against Miss Rand's position is quite as telling as the historical ones. Are the great modern collectivisms founded on a religious basis—or are they nihilistic and atheist? Is an excess of religion a leading characteristic of our own liberal-collectivist society—or do we find liberalism in league with the "new morality" and a campaign to banish all vestiges of piety from our national life? The questions answer themselves. Secularist and anti-clerical themes in the modern world go hand in hand with the very relativism and collectivism Miss Rand so properly condemns.

It is true, as noted, that many modern Christians wind up supporting various kinds of collectivism, just as it is true that Christian doctrine in years past has been used as a pretext for theocracy, Inquisition, and Caesaro-Papism. But it should be apparent that the extent to which the National Council of Churches thrusts itself into the political maw of liberalism is also the extent to which it abandons traditional Christian doctrine, making common cause with the Jacobins and liberals. The same is true of previous perversions of the Christian message. Indeed, the very standard of liberty by which it is possible to determine that these things *are* perversions is derived from the Christian tradition, since there is nothing in the *ad lib* of neo-paganism which submits the political authorities to higher standards than their own desires. We know Caesaro-Papism, witch-burnings and National Council welfarism are wrong for the same reason we know antique slavery, Renaissance despotism, and Communist blood purges are evil: because they conflict with the central precepts of Christian ethical and social teaching.

Miss Rand's philosophy thus issues in the most incredible of ironies: She rightly prizes freedom and attacks the collectivists who would destroy it. But in the deeper realms of thought where the combat must finally be joined, she reverses her commitments; she attacks the Christian culture which has given birth to all our freedoms and takes her stand with the destroyers. Having flung the *defi* gallantly before the liberal host and marched steadfast into battle, she wheels about and embraces the standard of the enemy. That embrace and the paradox it seals are fatal to morality and liberty alike.

Notes By the Way

Tapping the Grass Roots

JAMES BURNHAM

Wolf, Wyoming

Nothing could be less scientific than my method of sampling public opinion in these over-the-road treks my wife and I make every year or two. The only thing to be said for it is that the findings are usually borne out by subsequent events. I here record a few of the impressions accumulated during the first half of our current swing through all of the New England states, New York, parts of Canada and the Midwest, and now Wyoming and Montana.

Among a large and influential portion of usually-Democratic voters in the North and especially the Northeast, the anti-Johnson bitterness—hatred would not be too strong a term—is deeper than I had realized. I refer here not to the New or Old Left or the more strident anti-warriors, whose anti-Johnsonism has been sufficiently publicized, but to the more respectable liberals and moderates: lawyers, doctors, teachers, ministers, rentiers, civil servants, bankers, businessmen who regard themselves as progressive in outlook, admirers of Walter Lippmann and George Kennan, readers of *Saturday Review, Time* and *Harper's,* a sizable crew in all. Only a few of them are regular Democratic Party workers. They see themselves as informed, rational individuals who make up their own minds about elections. And they do occasionally vote for a Republican candidate, particularly in a local or state election. But in Presidential elections from 1936 on they have customarily decided for the Democrat—though some of them voted against Truman in 1948 or for Eisenhower in 1952. Even when they vote for individual Republicans, however, they

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think of the Republican Party as the home of provincialism and reaction, "out of touch with the modern world."

This group that I am trying to identify, which has swelled to many millions since the First World War, is more or less the same in social composition as the anti-Goldwaterites of the Republican Party. And these Democrats were very zealous in their own anti-Goldwaterism. For them, 1964 was more than a routine election; they really believed the nation was threatened by a flame-shooting, know-nothing, McCarthyite dragon. Now they feel betrayed and fiercely resentful. It is naturally Lyndon Johnson, rather than their own illusions, that they select as the betrayer, and they want to punish Johnson. After he had garnered their support, their money and their votes and was safely installed in office, Lyndon Johnson revealed himself as an agent of the enemy against whom they had so bravely struggled. In his conduct of the Vietnam war, indeed, the President they had helped elect out-Goldwatered their worst fears of Goldwater.

Therefore Lyndon Johnson must be punished; the only condign punishment would be his defeat for re-election; he can be defeated for re-election only if the Republican candidate wins. The conclusion becomes inescapable: to punish Lyndon Johnson properly, one must vote Republican in November 1968. This is the view, I am persuaded, toward which a big percentage of these usually-Democrats have been driven.

Nixon, No; Reagan, No

Are they then ready to vote for *any* Republican as against Lyndon Johnson? This question I have very persistently probed, and the answer, as of now at any rate, seems fairly clear. They will not vote for Nixon or Reagan as Presidential candidate, but they will vote for any other Republican from the list of probable or possible entries. They would, if they must, accept Reagan or Nixon as Vice Presidential candidate; the more realistic among them recognize it to be almost inconceivable that there could be a 1968 Republican ticket without Nixon or Reagan or a political equivalent. Romney-Reagan, Rockefeller-Reagan, Romney-Nixon . . . — that would do, but not the other way around. If Reagan or Nixon gets first Republican place, this group of Democrats will lose its present cohesion. Part would vote for a peace candidate, part would go mournfully back to Johnson, and a good many would stay home.

(This group about which I have been writing is wholly distinct, it should be obvious, from the other large group of potential Democratic defectors principally found, in the North, among industrial workers and some of the ethnic communities, who are turning toward Wallace.)

The Style Is Wrong

These conditional 1968 Republican supporters name Vietnam as the cause of their turn against Johnson, and they are likely to discuss Vietnam along Fulbright-Schlesinger lines. (They are in fact simply drawing out the electoral logic of the Fulbright-Schlesinger critique of the war, which Fulbright and Schlesinger have so far failed to do.) But I find this self-explanation too simple. I think the Houston lady, transferred to Boston by her husband's job, was nearer the mark, last evening, in recalling an incident a few hours after Kennedy's assassination. She was with a group of her new Boston friends when Lyndon Johnson came on the TV screen for his first public appearance as President. He really hadn't shown up much on TV before that, she noted, and most of the Bostonians had never really noticed him. When he began talking in that undiluted Texas drawl, she saw the Boston faces grow pale with first, disbelief, and then distaste. They hardly listened to what he said; it was the accent they couldn't abide. "And our people," she added, "had been sitting around all that time taking that 'r' at the end of 'law' and even at the end of 'Cuba.'" The accent, the style; it's that sort of thing, fundamentally, not the current war or any specific action; it's the symbol of the geographical and social shift in power relationships, of the old establishment feeling threatened and frightened by the new. Here, too, may be seen the similarity between the anti-Goldwater Republicans and this group of anti-Johnson Democrats.

Here, also, is the explanation why this group—especially some of its more serious members—would support a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. Neither Rockefeller nor Reagan is a Soft on the Vietnam war, so it is hard to see how the pair can qualify if you go only by the words you hear. But the Rockefellers are based —primarily though not exclusively or narrowly—in the Eastern power structure; a Rockefeller war would be felt as a different war from a Johnson war, even if militarily identical. It is even likely that there are those in the old establishment who realize that the newer forces in the nation cannot be isolated, held off or subdued forever, that they will in the end shove the old aside unless the old manages to integrate with them in an enlarged and invigorated structure; unless both are to be destroyed by the darker forces seething up from below. From that point of view, "Rockefeller-Reagan" can be thought of as signifying the first phase of a union that would soon be followed by a "Reagan-Rockefeller" equivalent, under whichever party label.

I feel, more generally, that as one leaves the media-drenched northeastern coast, the Vietnam war, like pot and hippies and New Leftism, drops quickly in relative importance as a public concern. The newspapers of the inland towns and cities give perfunctory space to a few of the agency dispatches on the war, and not much else; in conversation with the citizens it comes up, usually, only when the outsiders bring it up. (There are no hippies or beats on the campus of South Dakota State College and no student sit-downs at the University of Wyoming.) The radio broadcaster mentions a casualty on the nearby highway, but not the latest Vietnam casualty list. The prices at the morning's cattle auction get much more time than the newest figures on the federal deficit. For the citizens of this nation as of nearly every nation, a political problem is rated in importance by its discernible bearing on their own interests and concerns. This is not the way they will put it to a Gallup pollster, but it is how they feel it in their hearts and express it in their actions. I have an idea Lyndon Johnson understands this better than most. That is why it is imprudent to count him prematurely out of the ring.

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Letter From London

Fast Shuffle at 10 Downing

COLM BROGAN

James Harold Wilson is a man who likes, as he keeps on saying, to "keep all the options open." This is another way of saying that he finds it almost impossible to make up his mind about anything at all. Even in small semi-private things when his instincts are quite frequently amiable and sound, he shows a marked disinclination to come to the sticking point. I think that the Prime Minister must be a profoundly religious man. He does not imagine that God is a permanent resident in 10 Downing Street, but he does seem to cherish the belief that He calls in from time to time to sort things out. This touching faith is, I fear, misplaced. His open options are closing in on him.

The Cabinet reshuffle he announced over the Bank Holiday weekend was a maneuver marked much more by urgency than a serious sense of purpose. The eye-catcher was his assumption of an overseeing role in the Department of Economic Affairs (DEA). This Department was his own invention, intended to serve as a rival and corrective to the alleged stiff-necked conservatism of the Treasury. The first head of the Department was the bustling and bubbling George Brown, who flung himself into his task with an energy that was nothing short of frantic. With a mighty flourish he produced a Declaration of Intent by which prominent people and institutions promised to work together to procure a dynamic forward-thrusting economy. George made this Declaration sound considerably more important than Magna Carta and few had the heart to ask just how serious was the intent and just how soon the pious aspirations would be translated into a profound revolution in British working habits. After all, if a man is solemnly signing the pledge only a specially base cynic would ask him first of all to take the flask out of his hip pocket. Next there came the National Plan in which capitalists obligingly made the economic forecasts that George wanted them to make. Needless to say, the whole thing was blown flat by the economic blizzard of July last year. Instead of expansion, stagnation, and instead of an anticipated shortage of workers there was planned unemployment. The intention of the economic purge was to squeeze people out of unproductive into productive employment, but the practical effect was to throw car workers out of employment altogether or else send them to find jobs in such highly productive industrial enterprises as betting shops and Bingo halls.

George went to the Foreign Office to take over from Michael Stewart who took his old job at the DEA. This meant that the new Department, Harold Wilson's own brain child, was left to pass away gradually by exposure. The Treasury had triumphed. But translation to the Foreign Office did not at all mean that George Brown had abandoned his interests in economic affairs. When George Brown puts his hand to the plough, he is not the man to take it off again so long as the plough is in one piece. Recently he told a by-election meeting that it was the people of Britain who were on trial, not the government. The audience did not take kindly to the idea that they really must strive to be more worthy of their political rulers. They were under the impression that it was the government that had made a muck of everything it had touched. To correct this, George took the first occasion to say it all over again.

George stays in the Foreign Office because he likes it there and there is nowhere else to put him. As Britain does not have a foreign policy and nobody pays any attention to what our government does or says about anything, this arrangement may be considered quite satisfactory. Not so the arrangement by which Harold Wilson will sit dovelike brooding over the vast abyss of the DEA. This changes nothing. He has always been right up to the ears in all economic policy: *hinc illae lacrimae.* Peter Shore, only three years in Parliament, has been given the post of Secretary of State to the Department. Peter Shore was a backroom boy. He produced the Labor Party's manifesto for the last election. Whenever the backroom boys of the Conservative Central Office are feeling depressed they take out that manifesto and read its glittering and self-confident promises to each other. Gloom lifts and hearty carefree merriment becomes the order of the day.

Harold Wilson's first actions were characteristic. He announced a relaxation of hire purchase terms, designed to give a modest installment of reflation. In fact, the relaxation had already been authorized by Douglas Jay, as President of the Board of Trade. Wilson held up the announcement, fired Douglas Jay, and then let the public know, as if he had boldly stepped in to institute a new policy. He also halted the closure of a number of coal pits. This was pure malarkey, for it takes months to close a pit, and it is better than even that the pits will close just about the time they would have closed in any event.

More interesting than the changes that were made were the changes that were not made. Smiling Jim Callaghan remains firmly fixed in the hot seat of the Treasury, though he was tactless enough to let it be known a long time ago that he would relish a change. The calculation is obvious enough. If the economy takes an upturn (a laughable enough supposition), who will modestly accept the credit? None other than the captain who fearlessly took the wheel at a time of direct stress. If there is no upturn, who will carry the can? Surely the Chancellor, the hostage

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of the stuffed-shirt obscurantists of the Treasury.

Denis Healey, the able Minister of Defense, remains very properly where he is. After all, the task of totally dismantling Britain's defenses and leaving her naked to her enemies (not to mention her friends) presents many technical difficulties that have not yet been resolved. The demolition expert must see the job through. Roy Jenkins, the Home Secretary, who is at least equally able and equally ambitious, has also been left where he is. Roy Jenkins was anxious to make his name as one of the great reforming Home Secretaries of the century. (He has written a biography of Asquith.) He brought in so many innovations, some of them contradictory, that he has got the Home Office into a considerable mess, and no doubt would be glad to take his talents elsewhere. It is most likely that Roy Jenkins knows that very few British politicians have increased their stature by staying long at the Home Office. It is entirely certain that Harold Wilson knows this. There is one option he is always determined to keep closed. That is the option of anybody else to try to supplant himself.

The results of the reshuffle cannot be described as gratifying to the reshuffler. He had hoped to soften the wrath of the annual conference of the Trade Union Congress, but in this he was disappointed. It looks as if the master of the gimmick and the nonevent has at last been rumbled. Sir William Carron (soon to be Lord Carron) is president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the largest craft union in Britain. He is an admirable and deeply religious man who supports the government (with what private reservations one can only suspect). Presiding at the delegate meeting of his more than a million-strong union, he flatly refused to accept a resolution attacking the government's wages and employment policy. He said it would be quite inconsistent with a previous resolution pledging wholehearted support of the government, and therefore on his say-so he refused to allow a vote on the hostile resolution which would certainly have been massively carried. This, he blandly explained, was "Carron's Law." Democracy in the TUC is a strange and wonderful thing.

He had to be escorted into the conference hall by police, to save him from assault. He also had to be sent out by a back door. The fraternal delegate from the Labor Party, who is competing for Bill Carron's position when he shortly retires, was received in stony silence. The unfortunate man had also cast the vote of his union in favor of a policy the members furiously resented. The yells of execration that he provoked cannot have done him much good in his contest for top place in the union.

On four separate issues the conference voted solidly against the government, and some of the things that were said personally against the Prime Minister must have been deeply wounding to a sensitive nature. Sir Harry Douglas (soon to be Lord Douglas) who chaired the conference showed himself an apt pupil of Bill Carron. When a resolution was put up demanding further legislation against color discrimination, Sir Harry suggested that it be remitted to the Executive, which means being lost to sight forever. He called for a vote by voice and calmly declared that the Ayes had it. The Noes, being fully confident that they had had it, called for a ballot which was their undoubted right. Sir Harry told them to go jump in a lake, and for the first time in the 99 years of the conference's history the standing committee had to summon the chairman to defend a ruling. The committee decided a) that the chairman had been wrong, b) that he had been quite right all the same, c) that the rules were so confused that nobody could understand them and d) that on no account must this matter be referred back to the delegates.

Next day the chairman did even better. He called for Ayes on a resolution that would have stopped somebody from speaking he did not want to hear. Having got the Ayes he did not even ask for Noes. He declared the matter closed. The Noes were not pleased. It might be said that a good time was had at the conference by absolutely nobody except Bill Carron and Harry Douglas. May they rest easy in the House of Lords, where no noble peer moving a resolution is ever ungentlemanly enough to ask for an actual vote.

A bad time was certainly had by Harold Wilson. He is by no means noted for the anxious deference he pays to the councils of the TUC, but he cannot help remembering the reception he got when he addressed the conference just before the last general election. His glowing and exalted vision, his purpose, his dynamism brought the delegates shouting to their feet, some of them with tears in their eyes. At last Labor had found its true Leader, its Man of Destiny. The New Jerusalem was as good as built, or at least the building was safely in the hands of a contractor of unparalleled brilliance and energy. He left the conference hall with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" thundering in his ears. Beyond all question he was the man who won the election which followed, the other Labor notables merely playing walk-on parts. In the famous phrase, "Eclipse was first and the rest nowhere." But what do the rest do when Eclipse is nowhere? That is the present dark agony of Labor's soul. Literally everything the Prime Minister has tackled has proved a fiasco. There has been nothing like it since the brief reign of Goderich in the early mists of the last century. That is why the Cabinet reshuffle has been wearily or angrily shrugged off as another empty stunt like the Winter Emergency Fuel Committee (there was no emergency and no committee, though it is only fair to say there was a winter), and the Commonwealth African Famine Committee (no committee and no famine), and the peace mission to Vietnam that never got as far as London airport.

Perhaps the Prime Minister has one consolation. After kicking him massively in the teeth four times, the TUC conference passed at the very end the traditional resolution of support for "their" government. The effect was perhaps a little spoiled when George Woodcock, the philosophical general secretary, reminded the delegates that the resolution committed absolutely nobody to anything.

But there is worse to come. Unemployment is rising and the pound is still like a wobbly-legged boxer held up in the clinches by an opponent who wants the fight to go the distance for the television public. "Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards," said the priest in *Don Quixote*. But what is the good of shuffling if you haven't a card that can take a single trick?

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Girls (or Boys), Who Needs Them?

A septuagenarian looks at the colleges today and tells how it was in his day at Harvard—back about the time of the Second Punic War

FREDERIC NELSON

When the President of Haverford College, an all-boy Quaker institution on Philadelphia's Main Line, announced the removal of restrictions on visiting hours for girls in students' rooms, the Board of Managers was moved to add that it assumed that Haverford men would continue to regard the "presence of women in the dormitories overnight, or for excessively late hours and sexual intercourse as unacceptable behavior." A spokesman for the college stuck in his oar to say that there were occasions when "it would be inappropriate for women to be in the dorm at high noon," but, on the other hand, it did seem a shame, "when there was a really productive discussion going on," not to let it continue until dawn.

Thus ends the bull session, to be succeeded, I suppose, by spirited discussions of family planning, the position of women in Thailand, and should the Pill be distributed free of charge to freshmen.

Haverford's joining the twentieth century, as this sort of thing is called in progressive circles, is an extreme case of the inferiority complex which seems to have overtaken other up-to-now exclusively male colleges and universities. Yale wants to merge with Vassar, and Princeton's faculty recommends that the university look about for some female outfit to merge with, on the theory that "the lack of women on or near the campus was creating problems in student life." The Yale view, as expressed by President Brewster, was that "bringing women in will enrich and enlarge the variety of interests, points of view and values taken into consideration in the classrooms and seminar rooms of Yale." Dr. Brewster thought that the presence of the opposite sex would be "a constructive stimulus to a higher performance on everyone's part, students and faculty of both sexes."

At Harvard, where in my day you were supposed to believe that Radcliffe girls were uniformly as ugly as the Medusa head, boys and girls now wander about hand in hand, and a student caught in the Widener Library without a girl by his side would definitely be labeled queer. This may stimulate constructive thinking, although the National Institute of Mental Health has been conducting studies in the lower grades which tend to show that, when the sexes were separated in different classrooms "girls became more independent in their thinking and boys studied harder." That was for children, of course, and by college age, a grown-up boy and girl should be able to think constructively without lapsing into "unacceptable" conduct. There is an "on-the-other-hand" though. I think it was in a play by Cole Porter (an Old Eli, by the way) that one of the characters, attempting to soothe the fears of the female lead surrounded by evil men, said, "Remember, you're a big girl now." "Yes," said the big girl, "that's why I'm worried."

Dartmouth, the college that Daniel Webster loved when it was small, seems to have fallen behind in the There's-Nothing-Like-A-Dame competition. Surely Dartmouth, way up there in the hills 150 miles from the nearest female educational institution, must need the gentle touch of the feminine mystique more than the rest of the Ivy League. But, if Dartmouth would not come to the girls, the girls came to Dartmouth. According to the *New York Times* Magazine, the Big Green boys found on various bulletin boards last winter a notice declaring that "four hundred girls from Colby Jr., Mt. Holyoke, Smith and Wellesley are coming to Hanover on March 4 . . . strongly spurred by a desire to discuss a book with you."

Well, the girls arrived and, perhaps on the assumption that Dartmouth men lack books, they brought the books along with them. As might be expected, books like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, The Art of Loving* and *Marat-Sade* were high on the list of those discussed.

But why this gratuitous female assumption that Dartmouth students didn't read? When I was at Hanover, as a section hand for freshman English, plenty of Dartmouth students read books (*Jurgen, Lord Jim,* the *American Mercury,* Infantry Drill Regulations, William McFee), but it wouldn't have occurred to that generation that you had to have a girl handy to help you understand what you read. Of course, if at Winter Carnival you got stuck with an intellectual from Smith you went along with the act. But by and large, girls weren't dragged way up there in the hills to talk about books!

Occasionally, the meeting of the sexes seems to have non-academic overtones. At Vassar, a student would rather be caught dead than be caught alive at the college on a weekend. All the girls who are anything gang up in carpools to take them to New Haven, Cambridge or even Hanover, New Hampshire. A Vassar girl once told me of those dreadful rides to visit Yale boys whom nobody knew very well. You used up a big part of your allowance for a trip nobody wanted very much to take—except that you just couldn't be seen in Poughkeepsie on a weekend.

Still, according to a Yale story in the *New York Times,* some of the girls seem to have non-academic reasons to visit New Haven. A student is quoted as saying: "On some nights when you walk past the colleges you can smell the odor of pot coming

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through the windows, and a lot of juniors and seniors will sit around and smoke and listen to music when their dates come down from Vassar, because it's hard to get at girls' schools."

Ah, those enlarged interests and heightened sense of values! It may be that Sex in the lecture hall is the answer, and that a Pipe of Pot, a Pot of Glue and Thee studying beside him in the library is the way to overcome student frustration, alienation and the urge to picket. But what annoys us Old Grads is the assumption that high-domed intellectual activity was unheard of before girls were allowed in men's dorms at all hours.

Although Vassar in 1874 probably included no students who railed at the president for attempting to make the college a "seminary for virgins," a charge which one of the student publications fired at Miss Blanding a few years ago, vital statistics would indicate that the girls were not permanently "deprived." At any rate, enough of them managed to have babies to produce Mary McCarthy's *Group* and a host of Daisy Chain candidates capable of making the weekend trek to Yale et al. Today's coed might wonder how this could be. In 1874, according to Catherine H. Dall in a book called *The Education of American Girls,* "there were hundreds of girls willing to come to Poughkeepsie, after they were eighteen years old, and shut themselves out of the world for four years, abandoning gaieties of all sorts, the German, the opera and the parade [Those are 'gaieties'? F.N.] that they might fit themselves for the duties of their future life."

The curious thing, is, though, that girls in that era and for several eras thereafter don't seem to have needed pot, alcohol, Yale, or other drugs to ward off the alienation. Presumably there were Vassar girls then who couldn't care less about singing on the steps of a college building or doing all the right things necessary to make the Daisy Chain. Maybe some of them even "went too far" during the Easter vacation but the point is that the girls who had not even gone part way, or done anything more daring than submit to a chaste kiss, didn't feel inferior or even frustrated because of their restraints. The books and magazine articles girls read in those days saw nothing wrong with a women's college assuming that most of its students were virgins.

At Harvard, a half a century or so ago, which must seem to today's students about the time of the Second Punic War, freshmen were supposed to read *School, College and Character* by Dean LaBaron Russell Briggs, one of the university's greats. Dean Briggs had also been president of Radcliffe, the female annex of Harvard, so it might be assumed he was not indifferent to the Boy Meets Girl problem. The book didn't say anything about girls being entertained in Harvard dormitories, although the Dean agreed that "the friendship of good women" was a good cure for loneliness and a "corrective of wandering desires."

The Road to Vice

Contrary to the current Princeton view that the lack of women on the campus was creating problems, the Harvard of Dean Briggs believed that the problems were created by the *presence* of women in or near the Yard. "A boy of seventeen or eighteen," wrote the Dean, "far from home for the first time, fresh from the society of mother and sisters and girl friends may be terribly lonely. Near any college he will find a number of foolish girls, easy of acquaintance, proud to know a student, and not fastidious about conventionalities; girls not vicious as yet but on the unseen road to vice. . . The peril of such friendship is as commonplace as truth and as undying."

The Dean seems to have had no solution for this difficulty beyond pointing out that it would be helpful if "a good woman who used to know his mother has opened her doors to him as a human being and a friend." A few years before the Briggs era, Harvard's Dean Shaler was called on to deal with the case of two students who had broken the rules by inviting two girls to their rooms. The Dean was for expelling the offenders forthwith but decided to take up the case at a faculty meeting. Some of the professors wanted to know why the girls had been invited: for tea, help with homework, or what. Dean Shaler dismissed these questions as quite irrelevant.

"They have dunged on their father's carpet," he declared, "and will have to go. As to what they did, I hope they went the limit. I'm tired of this toying with vice."

In that naive period it was apparently the assumption of the college authorities that students entering the university knew relatively little about sex. At any rate we at Harvard were herded over to the Medical School to hear a lecture on VD and other loathsome wages of sin. The lecture was known colloquially as "Smut One," and it was conventional for at least one of the group to faint. This was assumed by his classmates to be a prima facie evidence that he had picked up a "vicious" girl even before he had decided what subject to major in. Probably an unfair conclusion, because the lecturer usually presented the "facts of life" graphically enough to cause even the most virtuous boy in the room to find things turning black.

Nothing was said about what to do instead; nothing about how a healthy young male needed sex experience as much as he needed orange juice, fresh air and exercise. Nothing was said about how to get along with "nice girls," once the vicious ones had been given the cold stare of non-recognition. Nevertheless, despite the lack of pickets in behalf of "sexual freedom," not to mention all-night sessions in the women's dorms, I don't recall seeing frustrated students wrestling, like St. Anthony, with temptation, or solemnly discussing Sex as a Problem of Our Time. What one did about sex was one's own business and not something to be thrashed out or maybe solved, in Democratic Dialogue, in the college buildings.

How antediluvian those attitudes seem to today's students! The "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" cynicism one minute; over-sentimental adoration ("I *know* I'll never be good enough for her") the next.

According to post-Kinsey thinking on such matters, men nurtured in this Puritan atmosphere could hardly escape becoming eccentrics if not actually homosexuals, shunning women as personified Sin, or at any rate, regarding them as something to be dealt with after hours and not to be confused with the important business of life. Unless, of course, they discreetly "went the limit." At any rate

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few seem to have been permanently damaged. Just to drop a few names, the Harvard of that period produced Jack Reed, who is buried outside the Kremlin wall; Robert Benchley, the humorist and man-about-the-Algonquin; John Dos Passos, Roger Burlingame, Conrad Aiken, Van Wyck Brooks, and a host of other "well-rounded," and some not so well-rounded, men.

John Tunis, sportswriter and novelist, was also of that era: Harvard 1911, a year after Jack Reed escaped. In his autobiography *Measure for Independence,* Tunis dismisses his "sex problem" very briefly. "Girls did not greatly interest me. I saw them from afar and had neither time nor money to devote to them. They seemed overwhelmingly confident and mature, so much so they frightened me. I never received an invitation to Brattle Hall, the dances held in Cambridge each winter and attended by the boys in the Porcellian and the Fly Club; not, I told myself, for the son of a school teacher, timid, uncertain, a clod on the dance floor."

For him, as for most of the guys I remember, Harvard was exciting enough without worrying too much about girls; the Boston theaters (fifty cents in the peanut gallery), going out for a paper, bull sessions. Some students were reputed to pick up girls while ostensibly studying the exhibit of German glass flowers at the Peabody Museum of a Sunday afternoon, but, with all that going on, from games to the kind of people from "outside" you could meet in Professor Charles Copeland's Monday night salons in Hollis Hall, who wanted to discuss things with women? Besides, a lot of us had no money, and almost nobody an automobile.

According to post-Kinsey thinking also, there must have been as much hanky-panky then as now, except that it wasn't brought out into the open. Well, what's wrong with that? Sex as a conversation piece can be pretty tiresome.

With a product like sex available for the first time, it is, of course, essential that the public be instructed in its use and in the possible application of new uses. Dr. Esther Schultz, addressing the school teachers of Philadelphia recently, said that "at ten the child should have a good knowledge of the reproductive system." She didn't say working knowledge, but let's not rush matters. Dr. Schultz said that this goal could be achieved by "stories about the family and by observation of classroom animals."

There has always been an argument about whether it wasn't better to teach the facts of life in the home than have the children learn them in the gutter, and certain solemn people used to deplore the tendency of school boys to giggle about sex, of which they knew relatively little, when they ought to be thinking seriously about the subject. From a lifelong experience in Pullman smokers and luncheon club meetings, I gather that giggling about sex persists for many years after knowledge, theoretical and applied, has been attained. However, up to Junior High, I'd settle for giggling. Boys don't get girls in trouble that way.

It's hard to say which side of the argument is supported by headlines like "VD Rises at British Colleges," or "Unwed Mothers Aided in Syracuse" (High school mothers, that is), or "School for Pregnant Pupils." Dr. Schultz might argue that a knowledge of the reproductive system at ten might have prevented these tragedies, and I might insist that it is equally possible that such knowledge could have resulted in unwed mothers in the seventh grade. Dr. Schultz told the teachers that sex education "cannot be done by one-shot isolated incidents, or rainy day physical education films. There must be a follow-through, a chance for questions and discussion." And it has to be continued right through high school!

Drum any subject continuously into the heads of children long enough and they'll want to try it. Boys rush out of the chem lab to make bombs. Girls practice what they learn from their mothers on their dolls. My granddaughter reports that after a Sunday School class on the Ten Commandments, she and her ten-year-old girl friend adjourned to the back yard to make graven images. So I am not certain that a ten-year-old, fully informed about the reproductive system would be content to sit on such important information until the age of consent. By the time he's a junior at Haverford, he could be a menace at a library tea, let alone an all-night what's-in with girls. And that's about what the problem is.

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Understanding Expo

In Montréal/Montreal the fortune cookies are bilingual, too. But Expo's message is beyond words, beyond the Russians and Robert Moses. Tune in.

HUGH KENNER

Every two days Expo 67 Administration (2,000 desks on nine floors) emits enough memos, press releases, orders, counterorders, routings, schedules, letters of verification and pacification, to paper over the twenty-story Geodesic Bubble light-tight. Words, words. In bilingual territory whatever is said officially must be said twice. In one language, not two, this output of paper might be halved, but Expo also unrecognizably different.

A monolingual Expo might have simply strewn exhibits about and stuck labels on them. Expo 67, dipped in the bitter tensions of imperfect bilingualism, conceived and erected at the one spot of the globe where Indian wrestling between Descartes' mother-tongue and Swift's all day long knots brows and draws sweat (Montréal/Montreal, say letterheads; One Dollar/Un Dollar, says currency): Expo 67, avoiding, where it can, words altogether, has funneled more energy into systematized nonverbal communication than any enterprise in the previous history of the world.

Canadian bilingualism is not only imperfect but divisive. Along the fault-line between the two tongues observers report little movement but many small adjustments. This year the fortune cookies in Montréal/Montreal adopted both tongues. This August 18 monolingual MPs plunged into a three-week crash course from which one, a veteran of three decades in Parliament, raised his head to report a great discovery. All those years he had supposed that French colleagues deploying the verb *demander* were making demands, the arrogant fellows; and he had been misjudging them.

Impassioned prejudgment attends every print-enforced decision about sequence (Exit/Sortie or Sortie/Exit? Questions have been raised in Commons about less). Advertisers take canny refuge in the principle that English adjectives precede nouns but French ones follow. "Farine/Five Roses/Flour," says a neon sign, blinking the first and third words on alternately while treating "Five Roses" as an interglossal pictogram like "Coca-Cola." And "TELEPHONE," it turns out, is a bilingual word if you keep it in capital letters and so leave open the question whether two of the vowels bear accents.

The name "Expo 67," being in no dictionary, is itself a bilingual pictogram; still more is its symbol, a circle of little stick men linked in pairs. The word "Express" is bilingual, but only of trains; and Expo Express, which gets you around the site (a peninsula and two islands) is a train where you need consult no timetables nor speak to any conductors. "One of the first fully automated mass transit systems in the world," says a press release in English/Anglais ("La même documentation existe en français"). A computerized central control panel (thinking purely in Binary) keeps trains from treading on each other's heels as 30,000 passengers per hour are absorbed, moved, sorted, discharged. The system operates without motormen; that uniformed figure up front in the glass cab is there "to reassure passengers": he's an item of non-verbal communication, a motorman-symbol (except "in case of emergencies"), of a piece with nearly all Expo.

Between Adam and Expo

Films (2,000-plus hours of films: surely no one, not even in Administration, has seen them all?) and mostly films without commentaries; films that leap, surround, whelm, swing; buildings to assault the eye, structure expectations, engulf the psyche; psychedelic walk-throughs driving information through the pores by the impact of kinetic sculpture, flashing lights, electronic music: of course it's all existed before, a piece here, a piece there, but never in such concentration: never before precipitated at one spot, a massive intricate blinking shimmering deposit, out of the time that holds such resources in solution: perhaps a thesaurus for some interglossal future, compiled out of the intensely local need to communicate with few words.

To communicate, because a World Exhibition, First Category, has by definition a stated educational aim. This definition issues from the International Exhibitions Bureau in Paris, where since 1928 Exhibitions have been authorized and their criteria enumerated like angels on pinheads. The rigor of these countrymen of Abélard resisted even the panache of Robert Moses. (Mr. Moses toured Expo one day early in August; the press found him glum and prickly.) What Mr. Moses could be heard promoting in New York a while back was not an Exhibition but, if a World's Fair, still a Fair, something which "exists principally to facilitate buying and selling." At an Exhibition not only is there nothing for sale (except in rigidly zoned boutiques), the emphasis is on themes and values, serving "to chronicle the contemporary era."

A World Exhibition is limited to 182 days. And a World Exhibition, First Category (nations to build their own pavilions) may instruct the world at no more than two-year intervals, nor be attempted oftener than fifteen years in the same country. So rigorous a metaphysic has tolerated only two First Category World Exhibitions between Adam and Expo, both of them at Brussels (1935, 1958).

Those other *lumière-et-son* medleys here and there, channeling the carney energies of the unregenerate, were

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Fairs. They were notably less high-minded. They were not responsible for fidelity to their Themes. They strove to get back their costs, a buck here, two bucks there. (At Expo, once on the grounds, you have only to stay off the rides and bring a sack lunch to avoid spending a further penny.) And they flashed their neon and activated their puppets and unspooled their films in the primal simplicity of those years B.C. (Before Communications).

It was assumed in the days of Moses that a Ford Pavilion (where in New York you were carried past the diorama in Galaxies and Mustangs) was to predispose you toward Fords, or Railway Pavilion to interest you in Railways. No more. (And it is fascinating how totally such assumptions would underestimate the sophistication of the 1967 visitor.) The Canadian National Railways, for example, have shaken themselves down, Abélard-wise, to their essence, Time-plus-Motion, and then climbed back up not to trains but to a closely timed film about Motion and kinetic displays about Time. Skydivers in free fall swoop and loom, tethered astronauts drift through a corner of the infinite, aggressively larger than life on a forty-foot screen, close against which the little auditorium boxes a mere 200 people, overwhelmed because they can't get far enough back not to be.

That's the principle of film after film at Expo: engulfment. One cool mind-bender called Kaleidoscope flanks the screen with mirrors so that moving patterns open up right, left, top, bottom and back and back and back, in recess upon recess of chromaticized space. Elsewhere a jiggered proportion between screen width and auditorium depth assures that peripheral vision will be assailed as well as central, and pictures changing scale before our eyes push us and pull us and engage in the responsive act not only the audio-visual but the neuro-muscular, not to mention the cochlear. (In the Telephone Pavilion whole audiences clutch at railings when their totally surrounded eyes say the room is tilting.)

CinemaScope, in the Bijou downtown, only feebly approximates this immediacy, because the Bijou's deep hall allows us to hang back, like sheepish churchgoers, from the screen. The Bijou's deep hall derives chiefly from the custom of pricing urban lots by lateral frontage. That custom helped give an irrelevant direction to the cinematic medium when it might have gone in almost any direction. In a deep hall the cinema became a dream machine.

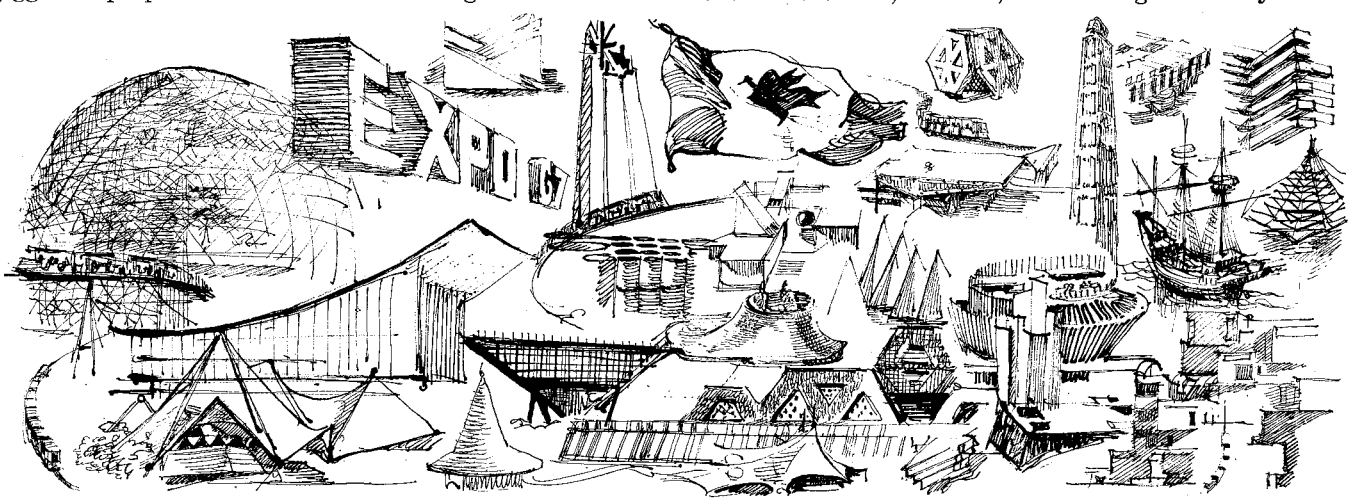
New Frontiers

The movies began as a mechanism, elaborately patented, for jerking a ribbon of celluloid past a light, and the history of what is called the cinematic art chronicles a long series of attempts to discover what such a gadget may be good for. It will make moving shadows, inherently nearly as empty as the kaleidoscope. In the beginning, seen through a pinhole, these depicted two-second wonders such as *Fred Ott's Sneeze*. Then sundry kinetic excitements—speedboats leaping from ramps, planes looping the loop, horses agallop—commenced to draw droves of viewers, and showmen had only to alter this content minimally to draw them back week after week. That tradition still lingered in the newsreels of the '30s, though "storylines" derived from plays and novels had effected a virtual takeover by 1915. The story-line, unreeled in what Englishmen call the picture-palace, a gilt rococo womb, gives us the dream machine and Hollywood's vast success.

The dream machine has two components: the passive spectator, the mechanized inevitability of visual sequence, which resembles a dream in its imperturbable indifference to our response. This is not at all like the theater, where one can hiss or throw eggs, or by a subtler virtual dialogue across the footlights alter the course of things. At the movies we are hypnotized by canned determinism.

TV (a dream machine in every home) has ended that phase, or begun to end it. Movies are correspondingly mutating (Todd-AO, Cinerama), and at Expo the spectators are passive no longer, but excited as they were in 1910, engulfed by the screen and by sound, as they could not be in the old days, and excited by the old wonders, the horses, speedboats, planes (and now spacewalks) of the time before story-line. It is as though cinema were groping back to where a mistaken evolutionary sequence branched off, leading to dinosaurs. (The ultimate dinosaur, an eight-hour Russian *War and Peace,* was gasping for life in a near-by auditorium, attended by the respectful.)

From that branching-point, newly attacked, new futures open. Simplicity and aggressive obviousness of image permits multiple images (up to fifteen at once on the hugest screen at Expo, in the astonishing Ontario promotional film). Twenty minutes, under such bombardment, is about the maximum viewing time before saturation, but during a twenty-minute



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multicelled film some hours' worth of images can be assimilated subliminally. The skill of audiences at absorbing these storyless montages is one of Expo's more interesting demonstrations.

It's real skill, unconsciously acquired at showings of *Jules et Jim, La Dolce Vita, Blow-Up.* It doesn't postulate chamber-of-commerce content. The longest lines at Expo—up to five hours' waiting time—were drawn by National Film Board's *Labyrinth,* a multi-screened controlled experience in which we can perhaps discern one future for cinematic art: the somber participation in a rite which draws, to unify its multiplied images, both on the audience's experience and on a controlling myth. (Northrop Frye, the archetypist, was one of the producers' consultants.)

Our time's literary monuments—*Ulysses, The Waste Land, The Cantos*—organize contemporary diversity in a similar way, subject always to print's one-thing-at-a-time limitation. *Labyrinth*'s capacity for contemplative involvement is as close to counterpointing religious rites as film has ever come: perhaps as close as any spectacle has come since (from what we can guess about it) the theater of the Greeks. The Greeks didn't expect their theater to tell a new story, but to refresh with topical and moral harmonics an old one. At *Labyrinth* some 8,000 people a day spend 45 pondering minutes, each with his Minotaur.

That this rich contorted impersonal art should be Canadian—in fact, *officially* Canadian—is surprising but not inexplicable. Strong modulations of anonymous power have characterized the Canadian sensibility since the Group of Seven, fifty years ago, gave the country expression in explosively somber landscape paintings. Today, that Impressionist derivation exhausted, the native art (it would like to be film) is in fact sculpture: big brooding energetic constructions (one, thirty feet long, all of whalebone) dot the Expo site, vigorous, profuse, and underrated by officialdom, which hasn't seen fit to devote even a couple of its monthly three million sheets of paper to a simple list of them. And sculpture's cousin, architecture; the most mysterious fact at Expo is the power of the Canadian pavilion to invest with emotion the mere act of climbing up the inside of a giant inverted pyramid.

The American psyche, on the other hand—well, Andy Warhol knows how it works (artists are the antennae of the race); and has it ever achieved such humorously unified expression before? It's a psyche whose workings make sport with deceptive simplicities, amid things that both are and are not just what they look like (could the movie star have been invented by any other people?). It remembers selling wooden nutmegs, and then selling, at the St. Louis Exposition, souvenir wooden nutmegs, and then substituting real, i.e., imitation-imitation, nutmegs when the supply of souvenirs gave out: pop art is in its blood. Its things disclose their workings without mystery, in an honest show of being what they are, and then manage to mystify (think of Thoreau).

The Geodesic Bubble, for example: to be inside seven million cubic feet of transparently enclosed space, and see just how the structure is held up, and be unable all the same to quite understand what holds rigid an enclosure so vast, so thin-walled, so floating—a secret hidden, like Transcendentalism, in Bucky Fuller's mathematics—this is what it is to inhabit folk America.

The Russians: Pure Camp

And Jim Dine has a colossal canvas, painted red, two shades of red, complete with a legend stating that this is a canvas painted with two shades of red (the pigments are specified, and their manufacturer): this is honesty, tongue-in-cheek honesty, certainly honest, and certainly (it's big, and it's hung as art) Art. (And what is Washington Crossing the Delaware but a large canvas covered with paint? Have you a vulgar craving for dioramas? Control it.)

And at the very top, having ridden (could America eschew just one superlative?) the World's Longest Escalator, what else but the Moon? The Moon as Pop Art: for we have here not merely a selenomorphic impression but 3,500 square feet of specifiable lunar landscape, attested to by Surveyor I and recreated pebble by pebble, in the light of a committee decision (yes, committee) concerning, all things considered, the probable color. Surveyor, the artist, stands in the midst of its handiwork; or rather a substitute Surveyor, the real Surveyor (what is real? this one works) being unavoidably detained on the moon.

The moon (the Moon!) is an almost casual topping. Further down we have the Stars (Bogey and Gary), and further down still a three-screen movie. The Burning of Atlanta? No. Industrial Might? Okinawa Landings? Titan Launches? The Plow that Broke the Plains? None of the above. Just Children's Games (i.e. Free Competition): an entrancing essay in the real-surreal (in Shadow Tag the bodies are cast by the shadows) that doesn't use its flanking screens as parts of a Cosmos Simulator, just as places for the kids to jump to.

With everywhere that virtual—but never total—closure of the gap between symbol and referent, arraying things that are very nearly what they seem, it's easily the most unified and (like its Bubble) the lightest yet most inclusive exhibit around. (The Canadian, for quite different reasons, is perhaps a close second.) If you want to tell the United States Commissioner General so, at his Montreal office, you dial (pure pop) US 1-1776.

And across Cosmos Walk, the Russians: pure camp, heavy-footed, era of the Tiffany lampshade and Jay Gould. A full-page ad in the *Montreal Star* tells us that the First Vice-Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers prefers to ramble through the woods and meadows ("He is fond of good songs as poems and likes reading fiction"), also that "USSR guarantees freedom of the press. There are 8,000 daily newspapers."

Inside the pavilion, which Italian engineers erected, an oppressive clutter of objects like a late Victorian interior, acres and acres of it, attempts its points with thousands of printed words. (The Russian and the Cuban are the two print-oriented exhibits.) All graduates are guaranteed employment by the State. All is for the Good of Humanity. A Model X-ray Installation (typical). Atomic Power Plant of the Future (1/5 scale). Lenin on Art ("for the people"). The art documents a phase through which Canadian calendars passed thirty years ago. The model

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power plant smacks of Special Effects at Warner Bros.

Hunched on stools, dour attendants scan *Pravda*. Not even the bartenders have more than a perfunctory word. Incident: from a door behind the bar marked "No Admittance" steps timidly a visitor up from the basement, where the lack of any receptionist at the "Press" entrance left him wandering, thoroughly unnerved, in search of a stairway. Is it all right, he now asks, to come through here? A shock-headed busboy affirms that it is quite all right: "We let you. We aren't at war." As the visitor sidles off a plain-clothesman materializes to rebuke the busboy: "Don't say things like that."

Operations Control

Dingy GUM displays of canned caviar, vodka, wooden dolls, furs, sport placards telling where they can be bought. The collective mind behind this massive display is goods-conscious, sales-conscious, message-conscious heavy, heavy. The messages come from all sides, in a lukewarm needle-spray of familiar phrases. Soviet society cares for the well-being and fulfilment of the individual through free, universal education. USSR has one-quarter of the world's practicing physicians. USSR is a paradise for art and culture. *By Siberia Enchanted* (title of a film). The pamphlets that offer to develop these themes seem all to be in Russian.

Once inside this multi-storied glass barn, crowds merely wander. They see the past and it works, more or less, its mode a grim indifference to tame denizens, on the model of Victorian Manchester. The twenty-first century art of crowd control, which modulates the viscosity of the crowd considered as fluid, is demonstrated elsewhere on the grounds: on the Expo Express loading platforms or inside the main gates at the Place d'Accueil. There the twists and turns, the sometimes maddening impossibility of marching direct to a plainly visible destination, bespeak hours of staff-work with flow charts.

Once surrendered to the dynamics of this creeping fluid, the visitor accepts benevolent monitoring. At Operations Control ("the brain of Expo") he can watch his controllers at work. At four consoles, with keyboards and telephones, in front of a gigantic map dotted with lights, cool men in shirtsleeves, their glance flicking toward eight TV screens fed by 32 remote cameras ("big-brother-type," says the prospectus), dial numbers and jot things on clipboards. Information flows in and out through a computer capable of thirty million operations a minute, routed via eleven branch control rooms: Warner Bros. in excelsis, and a mildly spectacular show.

Yet Purpose, not Showmanship, achieved and equipped it. By applying information feedback to the spectators, Expo once hoped to dissipate congestion and equalize lineups. If people were told (via Operations Control and the Electronic Information Display Boards) that *Labyrinth* had a two-hour lineup but the nearby *Man in the Community* only twenty minutes, why, throngs would sensibly head for *Man in the Community*. Thus Expo, equipped with a central nervous system, would approximate a steady-state network.

Expo approximates nothing of the kind. At *Labyrinth* stubborn five-hour lines persist, at *Man in the Community* (the best of the "theme" pavilions), five minutes. The crowd, in a crowd's mysterious way, knows what it wants, and the Information Display Boards have long since given up relaying to the crowds feedback on the crowds' behavior. The lights blink with innocuous messages ("Visit La Ronde"): the system, in short, has fallen back on informing us that it exists. When nobody pays attention to the message, then it becomes identical with the medium.

No one at the Press Relations Office has the slightest idea what Operations Control, these days, is actually controlling, though the phones continue to buzz and the TV screens to flicker and the pencils to execute check-marks. What information is an elephant's nervous system processing, most of the time, with most of its capacity? No doubt reassurances that it is awake, obscurely comforting to the elephant.

So message-routing, encountering human curiosity, sags into irrelevance. Things make their point, at this 1,000-acre information-saturated artifact, by simply being there, like the token motorman in the Express. Deep under the Canadian pavilion, a jolly Norman McLaren abstract film, barely

(Continued on p. 1088)

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The Heredity-Environment Problem

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

It has long been observable that there is a contradiction between the time-honored liberal commitment to free inquiry and contemporary liberalism's commitment to social dogmas which are held sacred and beyond discussion. Numerous examples come to mind—the unlimited validity of the scientific method, the moral virtue of a democratic majority, the relativity of value between civilizations and cultures.

Meyer

Among the most stubbornly held of these dogmatic positions has been the modern Liberal answer to the ancient "nature-nurture" problem. While it has seemed to the common sense of the ages that human beings and groups of human beings exhibit in their character and their performance the mutual interplay of heredity and environment, it is an all but universal liberal dogma that environment is decisive. Certainly when it comes to social arrangements and social legislation, the absolute precedence of environment is taken for granted, and manipulation of the environment is regarded as a sure solution to the problems of mankind. Proposals for scientific study of hereditary differences are attacked not on the grounds of scientific inadequacy, but in and of themselves, because to question existing dogma is considered evil *per se.*

Within the past year this issue has come to the fore in scientific circles, as a number of leading scientists have proposed objective scientific studies of the heredity-environment problem. Prominent among them are Professor William Shockley of Stanford University, a Nobel prize winner, and Professor D. J. Ingle, Chairman of the Department of Physiology of the University of Chicago and editor of the scholarly journal, *Perspectives in Biology and Medicine,* published by the University of Chicago Press.

Professor Shockley writes: ". . . the intellectual community is unwilling to face the existence of the environment-heredity uncertainty. Harvey Brooks, Chairman of the National Academy of Sciences Committee on Science and Public Policy, in referring to my *U. S. News & World Report* interview, 'Is Equality of U.S. Population Declining?', expressed an appraisal, with which I quite agree, of the present intellectual climate. Brooks wrote me as follows: 'A close reading of the paragraph makes it quite clear that you used due scientific caution in your statements. If the statement about mean white and nonwhite IQs did not have such touchy implications, it would probably have remained unnoticed. . . . I am afraid at this point that any study, *no matter how objectively conducted,* with which your name is in any way associated will henceforth be doomed to attack as being "racist."' . . . Other members of the Academy have written or spoken to me confirming Brooks' appraisal and urging that I do not emphasize the environment-heredity uncertainty. . . . I find I cannot in good conscience walk away from this challenge. . ."

In a seminar entitled "The Utility of the Construct of Race," held at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and reported in the *Columbia University Forum* for spring of this year, Morton Fried, chairman of the department of anthropology at Columbia University, put the liberal dogmatic veto at its clearest. To propose scientific studies which consider the possibility of hereditary racial differences, he said, "is not a scientific debate at all. . . . There is a need to end practices whereby such studies are treated as serious intellectual endeavors." With a monstrous and illogical jump, he maintains that such debates are "like posing the question of whether to exterminate six million Jews."

But the consideration of whether environmental influences alone are decisive is, as Professor Ingle points out in the same discussion, not an attack on individual persons of whatever race, but a necessity if social measures are to be effective. Social measures popular today, he points out, neglect the individual: "Wise efforts to guide integration on the basis of individuality have been a successful means of equality of rights and opportunities for many Negroes. But when desegregation is brought about by blind social pressures or the forced random mixing of racial groups, then schools and neighborhoods are commonly downgraded and *resegregation* occurs."

Professor Ingle summarizes his position in an editorial in the summer issue of *Perspectives in Biology and Medicine.* Answering Professor Fried, Professor Ingle writes: "Fried seems to imply that no knowledge which can be misused should be made public. The scientist should be concerned about the use of knowledge, but Fried fails to rationalize the withholding of knowledge that can be used for good as well as evil. . . . It is true that racists seek any possible basis for distortions and generalizations against Negroes which can be used to limit their rights and opportunities. This risk is partially averted by emphasis upon the importance of attending to individuality rather than to racial origin, for the range of individual differences within a racial group is far greater than average group differences."

After pointing out the neglect of individuality which arises from current dogmas, he goes on to say: "Knowledge can be misused; this does not excuse efforts to block inquiry and debate or to deny laymen in a democratic society the right to know. Closed systems of belief can also be misused. . . . During the past several years the undersigned editor has invited social scientists to enter into an open-ended discussion of these issues in the pages of *Perspectives.* No one has accepted the invitation . . . [It] remains open."

The issue Professor Ingle presents is central to the liberal dilemma: social dogma or freedom of inquiry?

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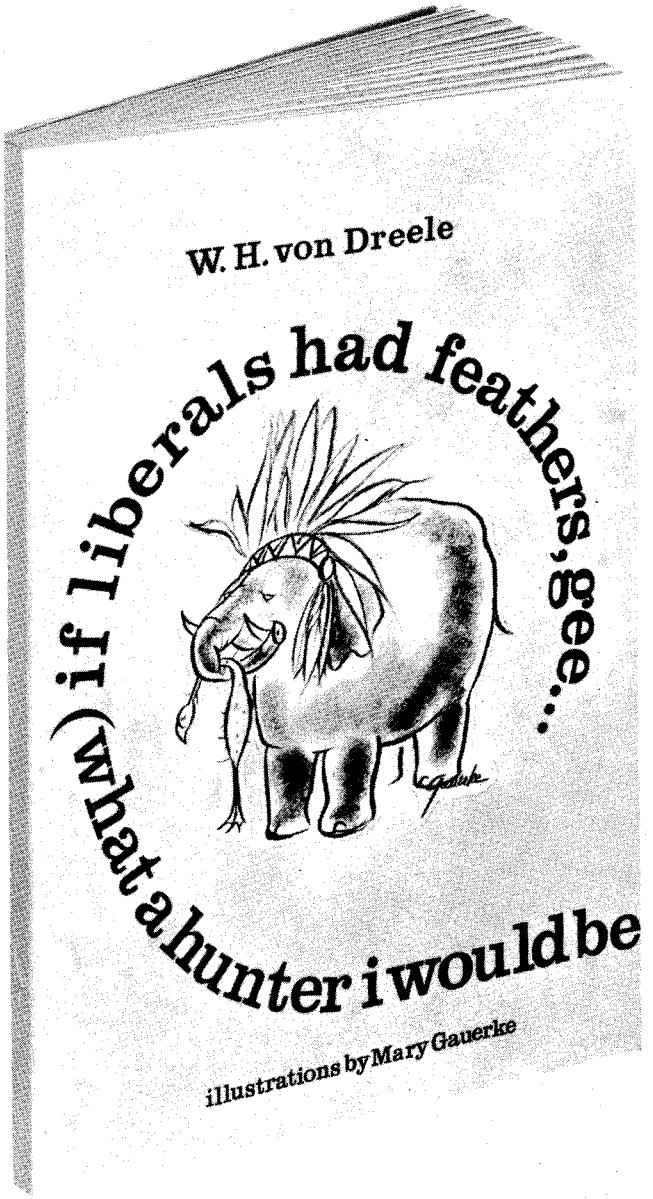

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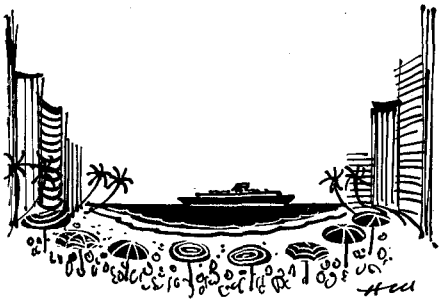
Capri Today

ALEC WAUGH

One of the chief problems of the contemporary travel writer is the speed at which places change under the impact of the tourist boom. He visits a West Indian island—St. Lucia let us say—in the spring of 1959. He notes the long stretch of empty beaches from which in 1782 Rodney watched for de Grasse's fleet to sail out from Martinique to its destruction. He would like to file away his description of it, to incorporate it later in a general article on different types of island. That is how most of us travel-writers operated in the 1930s. Today we cannot. We have to be on our guard. In the early Sixties in St. Lucia a vast hotel transformed the whole appearance and atmosphere of those beaches. If in 1967 I were to write of St. Lucia out of my memories of 1959 I would be out of date, the one thing a travel writer must not be. He has either to write his piece straightaway or be prepared to go back and check. It is a tiresome predicament. Last year, for instance, I spent two weeks in Sicily. I wanted to compare it with Capri, but I thought, "I haven't been to Capri since 1961. It may look different now." That is one of the reasons why I have just been to Capri—to see what has been happening there in the last six years.

Capri, the Nepenthe of Norman Douglas' *South Wind,* the Sirene of Compton MacKenzie's *Extraordinary Women,* Axel Munthe's sanctuary, the "pumice isle in Baiae's bay" of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind"—how it has fired the imagination since Tiberius chose it as the screen and shelter of his orgies, setting high on its peak the villa from whose terraces his victims were cast to death, building just beyond the harbor the baths whose "palaces and towers" still "quiver within the wave's intenser day." Capri, geographically, has everything: it is the right distance from Naples, ninety minutes in a motor launch; it is the right size, five miles long and half a mile across—it seems so small when you look down on it from an airplane; it is mountainous and varied, divided into two with a steep winding road acting as an isthmus to the higher Anacapri, with Capri itself divided by the two peaks, the town clustering about their saddleback; and finally the heavy heat that renders Naples uninhabitable in summer is tempered by its height. Capri has offered always an

Delectations



escape from the rat-race, ready to accept a gentle loosening of ethics ("The Capresi," Compton MacKenzie wrote, "expect foreigners to show signs of moral sunburn within a few days of arrival"); there is a willingness to overlook eccentricities, an indulgence of peculiarities provided that they are accompanied with elegance. Capri is not censorious but it is fastidious. It had everything to offer. Would I, I wondered, find it changed now in the later Sixties? Would the coastline be obscured by vast barrack-type hotels? Would the hillside, like that of the French Riviera, be pock-marked with new villas? Would the beaches be so packed that you could not get a table at their restaurants? I was prepared to be disenchanted.

But to my surprise and my relief when I stood on my balcony on my first evening at the Tiberia Hotel, I could see no change. At the base of each peak there was a new hotel but each fitted unobtrusively into the landscape. In the immediate foreground the empty quadrangles and grey sea of roofs of the abandoned Certosa had as they had for Compton MacKenzie half a century before "the air of an Oxford College in the middle of a long vacation." Next day at the Sirene beach the same plump chef showed me to my favorite table. Along the path to Tiberius' villa, I noticed a few low white bungalows with rounded roofs that looked as though they had been built recently. But there was no real change. The square was not overcrowded in the evening. Was there, I wondered, any place on the tourist's circuit that would look so little altered after a six years' absence?

For five days I went on wondering that, then I went to the Blue Grotto. The grotto is one of the spot sights of Capri. On the Italian side of the island a little north of the Tiberio baths, it is a large pool in the rocks, with a very low and narrow entrance—you have to lie back in your boat when you row in—whose water in the morning, when the sun is shining through the entrance, takes on an incredible light blue transparency. You put your hand over the side and it becomes bright blue. I had been there once ten years ago. I had hired a small motor boat at the harbor; at the mouth of the grotto, I transferred into a row boat. There was only one other boat about. It was a pleasant excursion, as a prelude to a morning on the beach. I thought I would repeat it.

It was to prove a very different experience. At the harbor a large banner announced excursions to the grotto. I got into a launch that held sixteen passengers. We started at 10:15. The sea was not rough but it was not smooth. We had reached the grotto by 10:30. Half a dozen other motor launches, two of them considerably larger than mine, were already there. There was also a steady stream of pedestrians coming down to the landing stage by road. There was a profusion of small row boats; there was a lot of shouting and gesticulating as the occupants of the launches were transferred to row boats. The ripples on the water were being churned into waves. The rocking of the launch became uncomfortable. I noticed several of the occupants of earlier launches being sick. The minutes went by. Quarter to eleven became eleven. A young girl opposite me started to turn green. Her father complained to the

(Continued on p. 1086)

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To A Ghost About Ghosts

GARRY WILLS

Twenty letters, two hundred sermonettes; to "a friend," to a ghost; about ghosts.

Ghost the first, Alexei Kapler, forty years old, a recognized film-maker. At age seventeen, she fell in love with him and he reciprocated, intoxicatingly—she sees him through a mist of vernal stirrings. We see him not at all. He is recorded for the contributions he made to her inner life—the books he gave her, the movies he showed her. But though we never see him, we "read" him on the one thing that is constant in the book—the graph of her father's response. On this "patrometer," Kapler scored low—which was all right: at least he put the needles in motion. It was wartime, and Stalin had not been paying any attention to his awkward adolescent daughter. He was bound to react now. Not only was Kapler twenty-three years older than Svetlana; he was a Jew. Stalin had practically disowned his first son, Yakov, when he married a Jewess in 1936. He sent poor Kapler off to ten years of exile and imprisonment. But the chart showed a jump; the busy war leader remembered his daughter.

Ghost the second, another Jew; but the shock was wearing off. Stalin would not let the man under any of his official roofs; but he consented to the marriage, and ignored it, ignored her. She had a son, named after his grandfather; took the three-month-old Josef out to her father's *dacha,* but—"my father paid hardly any attention to me."

Ghost the third, a new approach entirely. After a divorce from her first husband, who is little more than a name despite three years of marriage, she chose the son of Stalin's favorite, his cultural henchman Zhdanov, who quashed the "literary types" she had affected up to now. The needles jumped again: Stalin "had always hoped the two families might one day be linked in marriage." She gives an odd reason for this sudden shift in her tastes: "I wanted to get away from home—it hardly mattered where." Five pages earlier she wrote that her father, pleased at this new marriage, wanted the couple to move into his *dacha,* to which he added a second story. Escape from home did not run through the Zhdanov household. This marriage, too, made the graph line bounce; then, after a while, it too faded—one of the ghosts on her spiritual radar screen, an object that "registered" with her distracted father.

And even he fails to materialize. Other things rise up, faintly, only when his shadow touches them in passing—a reverse ocular phenomenon. Yet his is, everywhere, the presence of an absence. Stalin exists only when and insofar as he reacts, harsh or kind, to her. His moods—all kisses when she was young, stiffening as she eased in the ungainly way of girls toward womanhood, relaxing slightly toward the end—are not connected with any over-all picture of the man, and certainly not with his political life. During the purges, for instance, what matters is that he was still affectionate to her. The only attempt she makes at fusing these aspects of the man is the clumsy introduction of Beria as *diabolus ex-machina,* the Iago who perplexed this good old rough Othello into bloody mistakes.

It was impossible for her, being who she was where she was when she was, to come away without *some* information of value; but she comes as near to working that miracle as anyone could. She remembers too much of how she felt and too little of what others did, or even looked like, or said—and this selectivity is based on principle: "What happened isn't nearly so important as what one thinks about it now." What one thinks now tends to profundities of the Norman Vincent Peale sort: "We must all of us have faith in the power of decency and goodwill." In its *power,* notice. The spiritual nest she has hollowed out convinces her the stars are absorbed in her affairs.

She moves through gossamer webs of fate and destiny and "had to be." Both her grandparents, her uncle, two aunts, even her mother (who committed suicide), die of "broken hearts" or by the stroke of destiny: "Maybe fate gave her [Nadya, the mother] the gift of death to spare her the still greater disasters that lay in store?" (One soon learns, here, to shy at question marks—most of her quick sermons are couched as rhetorical questions. Questions are more engaging, aren't they?) "I think fate saved her from an ordeal she could never have borne. Maybe it was God himself who spared her that horror. . . Didn't she fire her shot, then, out of a logic that was profoundly inevitable?"

Superstition is egotistic: it makes one the hub of the universe. That is why aging women make up the clien-

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Twenty Letters to a Friend, **by Svetlana Alliluyeva. Harper, $5.95**

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It's been a long uphill pull and *National Review* has been in the thick of it all along. (Imagine, if you will, what the last ten years would have been like for conservatives *without* NR and all the people associated with it!) And while "conservative" isn't a dirty word anymore it isn't exactly on every tongue. We still have a long way to go.

Up to now our audience has been composed mainly of knowledgeable conservatives and those Liberals who want to keep up with things conservative. Lately, however, there has been a sharp upturn in *uncommitted* subscribers who, (judging from the mail) simply appreciate a well-written, well-edited magazine that gives them a different look at the world. *Obviously, these are the very people we must reach if conservative influence is to expand.*

National Review is the kind of magazine that *can* reach them—*can* stimulate them to seriously consider the conservative position. To what extent this happens depends on you (since we can't afford to "buy" subscribers as "mass circulation" magazines do). These people are *your* friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances. They may be uncommitted but they're not uninterested.

Do something about arousing that interest. Show them a copy of *National Review*. Tell them about it. Let them know that this is Bill Buckley's magazine, the one that keeps popping up on his "Firing Line" TV show discussions (you'll be surprised at how many people haven't connected the two).

And, most important, tear out the card facing this page right now *and use it!* After all, it's only through the efforts of people like you that we will be able to reach these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but *you* do. So make it a point to introduce someone to *National Review* today.

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tele of spiritualists and Christian Science healers (Svetlana came to America anxious to find out more about Mrs. Eddy's tailored-for-ladies theology). Every action is divinely inspired, even evil ones: "Only those whom God has cursed and abandoned can bear to violate the beauty and majesty of earth. . ." Here is her reflection on Stalin's tortured death: "God grants an easy death only to the just." This excludes from the ranks of the just that man who went to his perpendicular deathbed in agony: "My spirit is in turmoil. . . Let this cup pass. . . God, why have you forsaken me."

After Svetlana's press conference, a shrewd observer said: "Saints trouble the race, and benefit it. Half-saints soothe us, and do us no good. She sounds like a half-saint." The half-saint is the mouther of God—one of Job's comforters, not Job. Only the half-saint would claim God gives his favorites sweet incensed death. God, who benignly afflicts the saint, is something achieved by half-saints: Svetlana writes that she is "one of those who cannot live without God. I am glad that it is so." Women who say they are "one of those who—" are best avoided; one critic of the heart claims that their phrase should always be completed "—drive their husbands up the wall." And then the perfect, infallibly trivializing touch: "I am glad that it is so." It is so. Fate. Taking care of her.

The lack of historical interest in this book might be redeemed by her quest for wisdom, if wisdom were what she had found. Or if she had come to self-knowledge. But her lack of this quality is mirrored in the prose, which is uncertain of its own import. Again and again we come across passages like this: "The life of the tiny cross-section of society that was my family was, as a Soviet literary critic might put it, typical." There are a thousand ways to read that line—as true (by paradox), or false (by irony); flippantly, defiantly, dramatically (with the naiveté proper to this stage in her development), bitterly. But the context gives us no clue to what the sentence means—because the sentence does not know what it means. A similar unawareness makes lines like "my father wasn't especially democratic" go flabby; spineless; robbed of all their possible many meanings.

The book presents itself as an exorcism of her father's influence. But there is only one way to control such influence—by understanding it. And she doesn't. Take one motif—her father's kisses, lavishly showered on her in childhood, suddenly stopped at adolescence (after which she turned to Kapler, a "rival"). She returns to these kisses again and again: "My father liked to kiss me until I was grown up. . . He liked kissing me while I was little, and I'll never forget how tender he was to me." After her mother's death, her father's affection was even more noticeable. He called her his "mistress of the house" (*Khozyaika*), feminine form of the nickname his intimates had given him (*Khozyain*, Master). They were master and mistress of the house.

Against this background occurs one of the potentially dramatic and revealing scenes of the book: "The last time I was at Kuntsevo, two months before he died, I had a nasty surprise. There were blown-up magazine photographs of children all over the walls, a boy skiing, a girl drinking goat's milk from a horn, children under cherry trees and so on. . . It was all weird and surprising to me, since my father had never cared at all about pictures and photographs."

Why "nasty" and "weird" and "surprising"? For what it revealed about him? Or about her? Was it a shock of understanding, of release; or a twinge of jealousy, a stirring in the chains; a woman's reaction at last, or a child's? There is no way of knowing. Her reactions to her father are unresolved and out of focus still—including the reaction involved in her escape from Russia. She is here, as she was not there, emphatically Stalin's child, able to talk of him again, important because of him, turning not toward light but back into the comforting darkness of those lost tobacco-smelling kisses.

Somber Seer

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

There are some books which it is better to know about than to read. Just as a misquotation, having been polished by many minds, may be better than the original, so the valuable ideas in an unreadable and, in other respects, wrong-headed book may, by the mere spinning of its reputation, be sorted from the sludge, like gold-dust in a miner's pan. Sometimes, of course, the process works just the other way—the gold is lost and the sludge remains: but not, I think, with Spengler. "Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West*," says his translator, "is a book more talked about than read." Which, on the whole, is a bit of luck for Spengler.

The reasons why Spengler, after being immensely fashionable in the Twenties and early Thirties, has dropped so completely out of sight are various and (like the reasons for most changes of fashion) largely bad. The outraged forces of pedantry, always hostile to universal historians, and of incorrigible liberal optimism, have succeeded in overwhelming his reputation. But one thing remains. The title of his chief work, *The Decline of the West*, has stuck like a burr: and it really does encapsule his most important idea.

What Spengler attacked was the "linear" view of history; the naive and arrogant belief that mankind's story is one of continual progress towards industrialization, liberalism and democracy, towards the European-American pattern of civilization, towards, in short, our noble selves. Instead he argued that history is cyclical, that each civilization has its own life-cycle of birth, growth, maturity and decay, as inevitable as the seasons of the year. And the West, Spengler believed, is now dying.

To be confronted with this idea is, for us smug Western men, very salutary (though less startling today than it was forty years ago). But to be confronted with Spengler's text is to come up against a lot of dreadful, and dreadfully dated, stuff about Prussianism, fate and the "blood" which makes nations and leaders. For anyone who nevertheless wants

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***Aphorisms*, by Oswald Spengler, translated by Gisela Koch-Weser O'Brien. Regnery (Gateway), $1.25**

***Selected Essays*, by Oswald Spengler, translated by Donald O. White. Regnery (Gateway), $1.95**

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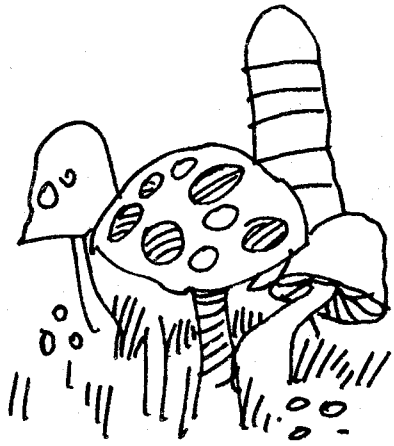
this experience two new paperbacks provide a relatively easy introduction: one, *Aphorisms*, is, as it were, the *Sayings of Chairman Spengler*, an anthology of sentences and paragraphs from his books; the other, *Selected Essays*, in which the main item is a long article called "Prussianism and Socialism," may lead some readers to wonder what on earth his unselected essays must be like.



Since Spengler was, in his unattractive way, a brilliant man, these two little books are far from barren. On the contrary, they bristle with ideas, with arguments inviting pursuit.

Spengler's attitude to religion, for example, was mystical and deliberately non-rational. "Proofs for the existence of God," he said, "are blasphemy." This extravagant paradox seems to me absurd, but I like his swingeing assault on modern churchmen: "A truly religious soul ignores all social issues. The things of this world seem so unimportant to it that it places no value upon their reform. No genuine religion wants to improve the world . . . A religion that is concerned with social problems has ceased to be a religion."

He pours scorn on the short perspective with which liberals view the world: "Moments are being mistaken for epochs, next year for the next century, whims for ideas, books for human beings." He foresees that individual freedom will be endangered "as much by corporations as by governmental control. Both replace the free will of the creative individual with a plan. Both inhibit the rise of those who are capable, because it is more convenient to work with mediocrity." He delivers a warning which rings horribly true in Britain at the moment: "A healthy economy cannot exist in a country without strong leadership in foreign policy. Reversal of this relationship is evidence of a sick nation." He neatly pins, and pins together, what's happened to modern art and social life: "A high degree of form is achieved in the great arts, in the great churches, mysteries, and orders, in the society of aristocratic classes; this is one of the wonders of mankind, and at the height of its demands it ultimately breaks. The phrase for this is 'back to nature.'"

Not that he has any great opinion of the arts or abstract ideals of justice: they appeal, he says, to the man "whose intellect is noble and whose blood is weak." "There are no eternal truths," he insists. We are all creatures of our race and time—"Plato was an Athenian, Caesar a Roman, Goethe a German; that they were these things first and foremost was the prerequisite to their historical influence." This relativism makes him say, for instance, that "it doesn't really matter what one writes into a constitution. The important thing is what the collective instinct eventually makes of it." He can't conceive, in other words, that the object of a constitution might be to enshrine permanent principles in the hope that they will restrain the passions and fashions of future generations.

Before Hitler had been heard of, Spengler predicted the future of Germany: "We Germans will never again produce a Goethe, but indeed a Caesar." The thought didn't worry him. He held that "states exist for war, they signify readiness for war." If the members of a "tired and listless civilization" tried to renounce war and statehood, they simply became "the victims instead of the makers of wars."

"There is no reconciliation in history," he declared grimly. "There is only one end to perpetual strife—death. Death of the individual, death of a nation, death of a culture." Great men are those who make themselves, or are made by fate, part of these rising and falling tides of history. Nations are best equipped to participate, to wage war, to produce leaders, if they have a rigid structure of class and rank.

So the pattern of society which Spengler wants (for Germany at least —Britain and America, he concedes, may be different) begins to emerge, and very nasty it sounds. It is to be collective ("Not 'I' but 'we' . . . The individual does not matter; he must offer himself to the totality"): it is to be highly disciplined ("For us, the controlling factor of society is the interplay of command and obedience in a strictly ordered community"): it is to be socialist, but in the Prussian manner.

Spengler fell out with the Nazis and was, in due course, muzzled by them: but his ideas seem closely related to the doctrines of National Socialism. He despised the Marxists, but not because he had any objection to a collectivist totalitarian state.

The popular impression of Spengler, the impression held by all those who have never read his books, isn't so far wrong. He was indeed a gloomy fellow, the sort of Continental philosopher who gets Continental philosophers a bad name. The kindest thing is to remember only the flecks of gold which stick in the pan. These we can treasure because they provide such a firm contrast with the woolly platitudes of contemporary liberalism; somber flecks of gold like this: "Little as we know about the events of the future, one thing is certain: the moving forces of the future will be none other than those of the past

—the will of the stronger, healthy instincts, race, will to property, and power. And hovering ineffectually over it all will be dreams of justice, happiness, and peace—which will remain dreams forever."

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Selective Indignation

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to decide whether Luis Bolin or "la Pasionaria," a leading Communist in the pre-Civil War Republican government, would have more reason to be provoked by the joint review of their books in the *Times Literary Supplement* of London, earlier this year. The review, however, does conclude with an admission which tacitly acknowledges the debt which all who condemn Communism, including the reviewer, owe to Luis Bolin, for Bolin played a vital role in initiating the Nationalist revolt in Spain. "On perhaps one point only," writes the reviewer, "can the combined testimony of the two authors be accepted with confidence. . . . This is that if the military leaders had not rebelled against the Republican government when they did, the Communists would have overthrown it instead." And though the reviewer qualifies his admission by insisting that this was only a "probability," even the probability of a Communist government is all the justification which a Christian could ask for a revolt against the government in question.

IT WAS LUIS BOLIN who organized the flight which brought General Franco from the Canary Islands to Morocco, the first and essential stage in the invasion of Spain. Señor Bolin was a marked man, whose movements were of interest to the Spanish Reds, and had he been the sole occupant of the plane from England, their suspicions would have been aroused, so two blondes were offered a free flight from London to the Canary Islands and back again. Bolin's "courage and initiative at a decisive moment," writes the eminent historian, Sir Arthur Bryant, in the foreword, "probably tilted the scales" and "saved Spain from becoming, like Russia and China, a Communist country and another prison-house for the human soul." Bolin's description of the ten days when he made this vital contribution not only to Spanish but to European history is, to quote Sir Arthur once again, "as exciting as a John Buchan story."

Spain: The Vital Years, by Luis Bolin. Lippincott, $6.95

LUIS BOLIN'S mother was English and many English authors might envy his command of our language. He was with the Nationalist armies throughout the campaign, and his book is not only an important contribution to history but is also, which some such contributions are not, extremely readable. At the outset of the campaign, the odds against victory were as overwhelming as the odds against Britain in 1940, but Franco's confidence had the same secure base as ours after Europe had been overrun by Hitler. To Bolin, Franco said on July 18, 1936: "We have ideals, faith and discipline. We shall win."

This book is an invaluable corrective to the Communist myths which were so welcome during the war to those who wanted to believe the worst of Franco. Bolin's exposure of the Guernica myth is a case in point. Few Communist atrocities evoked greater disquiet among the supporters of the Spanish Reds than the sequel to a telephone conversation between Colonel Moscardo in command of the Alcazar and his twenty-four-year-old son, a prisoner of the Reds. "They say they are going to shoot me," said the son, "unless you hand over the Alcazar." "Put your trust in God, my boy, and die like a man." "A very big hug, Daddy." "A very big hug, my son." The Communists denied that the boy was shot, and on the strength of this denial Mr. Herbert Matthews in his book *The Yoke and the Arrows* also questioned the story; but on being confronted with irrefutable evidence, he wrote a handsome letter of apology to General Moscardo's widow. La Pasionaria admits the story as a possibility, but tries to maintain that the Communists were not involved. What is certain is that Moscardo's son was not among those who were alive at the end of the war.

One incidental result of the Spanish Civil War was to provide melancholy evidence of the decadence of liberalism in England. Victorian liberals in the main were sincere in their defense of every man's right to the free expression of his political and religious views. I once defined a liberal as a man who objected to the persecution of conservatives, and liberals who proved that they objected not merely to the persecution of those with whom they were in sympathy, but to persecution *as such,* were still influential in the England of my boyhood. During the Spanish Civil War, however, there was only one member of the Liberal Shadow Cabinet, my father Sir Henry Lunn, who was an active supporter of the Nationalists forces.

He had no sympathy with General Franco's political views, but he was first and foremost Christian and he preferred, as by far the lesser of evils, a dictatorship in which Christians were unmolested, to the Red dictatorship in Spain, which persecuted the Church *before* the Civil War began and which murdered 4,184 members of the secular clergy, 2,365 members of religious orders and 283 nuns during the war. In 1937 my father moved an amendment to the routine vote of sympathy with the persecuted Jews in Germany annually moved at the Methodist Conference, and proposed an additional vote of sympathy with persecuted Christians in Spain. An influential minority of Methodists supported this amendment *con amore,* and even those who disliked anything which could be interpreted as critical of the Reds in Spain did not oppose my father's amendment.

EVERY LEFT-WING supporter of the Republic insisted that Franco would fight as an ally of Germany if war came. "Some of them," writes Luis Bolin, "still act as if he had." Churchill paid a notable tribute to Franco's helpful attitude in the Second World War, and Mr. Roosevelt wrote him a letter signed "Your sincere friend." The sincerity of this friendship was demonstrated when Britain and the United States withdrew their ambassadors from Madrid at the end of the war, leaving their embassies in control of chargés d'affaires. That our disapproval of dictatorships was selective was proved

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by the tragic surrender of five free countries to Soviet Russia at the end of the war, the Russia which had cooperated with Germany in a joint invasion of our ally, Poland.

"Selective indignation," a phrase I invented, has throughout characterized our attitude to dictatorships.

Best of the Dance Bands

NEIL McCAFFREY

THIS ARTICLE is all about what's not happening, Mother. What's not happening is dancing. People stopped about five years ago. Adolescent masturbatory rituals were in.

Not that you have to dance to dance music, though it took Benny Goodman and the swing era to make us discover what Europeans had divined about our music years before. Even today, when we have long since learned to take jazz seriously, we still think of dance music as background music, or a means to an end. Which is all most dance music is.

Not all of it, however. The better dance music can be enjoyed for its own sake. Apart from the *ex professo* jazz bands (they played dance music; they played the *best* dance music, but incidentally: they were jazz bands first), a few of the dance-bands-*qua*-dance-bands hold up over the decades. The exemplar of this minor, emphatically American art form is, curiously, an Englishman.

Ray Noble is now remembered by trivia fans as the bandleader/British buffoon on the old Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show. But Noble had an Early Life, back when Charlie was only a gleam in Bergen's woodpile, as Bill Fields might have said. The band Noble led on the Chase & Sanborn Hour was a mere studio group, without a whisper of distinction. It might have been led by Harry Zilch.

NOT SO the men Noble gathered in London's Abbey Road studio on August 21, 1929. Only twenty-two, Noble had already made a name for himself as an arranger. Now he was awarded the lush job of leading the "house" band for Britain's leading record label, His Master's Voice. As house bandleader, Noble would be required to accompany vocalists and, under the house name of the New Mayfair Orchestra (the band never played outside the studio), record dance music, show music, novelties and jazz.

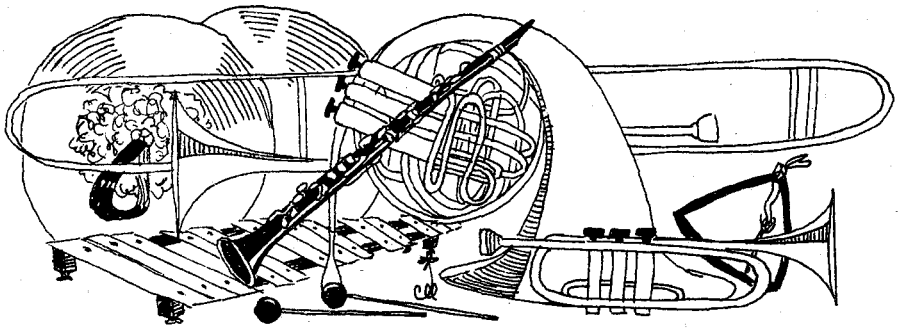
He did it all with flair. His medleys keep the golden age of show music alive to this day. His novelties were often hilarious, mountains above British music-hall fare, and uninhibited. Recorded in 1932, "There's Another Trumpet Playing in the Sky" jokes about every social class and minority group in sight, harmlessly, though it would be unthinkable today.

But it is his dance music, with occasional jazz excursions, that puts Noble on Olympus. He used the best English musicians, and managed to make his *ad hoc* group sound as though they played together every night. One of them, alto saxist Freddy Gardner, later made a flurry with a series of saccharine LPs in the early Fifties that owed at least half their sales to full-color album photos that may have given Hugh Hefner his Great Idea. But in his Noble days, Gardner kept his vibrato under control.

Noble's two best musicians, however, never shook their anonymity. Spirited trumpeter Max Goldberg was an improbable cross between Louis Armstrong and Red Nichols. Louis reigned unchallenged in the early Thirties, though Bunny Berigan and Red Allen and Cootie Williams were busy staking out their principalities. Goldberg deserved a dukedom, but the honors lists passed him by.

Trombonist Lew Davis was an original, slithering around on his horn in a way that foreshadowed the modernists. Which is not to say that he hadn't listened to Armstrong: Louis' influence in those days was almost as pervasive among non-trumpeters. Davis was all male. His impassioned muted solo on "My Sweet," one of the all-time frankly amorous records, could be Armstrong transposed for the trombone.

THE BAND was small by today's acre-of-brass standards: four reeds, four rhythm, three fiddles, three to five brass. Noble's arrangements, while not harmonically adventurous, were years ahead of their time (and years, in jazz's souped-up history, are generations as the classicists count). Noble used Laurie Payne's booting baritone sax to "bottom" the reeds and give them a breadth of voicing that could, at that time, be heard nowhere this side of Ellington and Lunceford. The band got a crisp sound, clean, rich, mellow. They could shade; they could blow. They were at home with Noble's explosive tempo changes. Above all, they could create the kind of mood that would wilt the sturdiest misogynist.



Noble had, in retrospect, three secret weapons. His stint at HMV lasted until 1934: arguably, the five great years of the popular song. In any one of those years, there were more *forgotten* good songs than all the remembered ones over the last decade. They were the Depression years, yet our music (and England's) yielded hundreds of happy songs, thousands of romantic songs, and *one* protest song, the bitter "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Noble himself took his place in these years as a songwriter just behind the first rank. His most popular tunes are among his least interesting: "The Very Thought of You," "Love

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Is the Sweetest Thing" and "Goodnight, Sweetheart." Those that wear better include "By the Fireside," "I'll Do My Best to Make You Happy," "Love Locked Out," "What More Can I Ask?," "It's All Forgotten Now," "I'll Be Good Because of You," "The Touch of Your Lips" and "Cherokee."

Finally, the Noble band provided the showcase for one of the great singers of the dance band era, Al Bowlly. A guitarist most of the time (until the swing era, almost every singer was also a musician: why pay someone just to sing?), this unassuming South African was unique for the period in that he measured up to the band behind him: for singers in those days were afterthoughts. (As the old gag had it: "Ladies and gentlemen, musicians and singers. . .") Bowlly had a gift for phrasing, a decent respect for a lyric, accurate intonation; and he could sing anything. The musician in him comes through in the jazz inflections of "Living in Clover." He could spoof Jolson ("My Hat's on the Side of My Head") or go Harlem ("Who Walks In When I Walk Out?"). He could be evocative ("There's a Cabin in the Pines," "Hang Out the Stars in Indiana"). He exuded playfulness and good humor ("You Oughta Be in Pictures," "Shout for Happiness," "I'm Telling the World She's Mine," "Got a Date with an Angel").

Most of all, he shone on the unabashedly romantic songs: "With All My Love and Kisses," "On the Other Side of Lovers' Lane," "Where Are You?," "Let Me Give My Happiness to You." If he lacks the absolute vocal authority of the early-Thirties Crosby, Al Bowlly must be ranked second only to the great man.

Most striking about Bowlly, in this day of non-music excreted by perverts, is the wholesomeness, the good feeling, the love of life that shines through his every record. Here, you say to yourself, is a singer I wouldn't mind my daughter going out with.

NOBLE's five years with HMV yielded, according to the best research, 534 sides (i.e. about one record a week: we are here talking about two-sided ten- and twelve-inch 78s). The lucky British. Fewer than a quarter of these records were issued in America (on Victor), though a sophisticated record shop like Manhattan's Liberty or Rabson or Commodore (of happy memory) would order the British label for you . . . if only you had known of it, known what you were missing.

A few years ago, Capitol reached back for 24 of the better HMV sides and brought out a sumptuous two-record LP, *Ray Noble and His London Mayfair Orchestra* (Capitol TBO 10312). You can still get the album, if you make your friendly record dealer work. Though the 24 sides might have been better chosen, they include some of Noble's best,* and 23 of the tracks feature Bowlly vocals. (The 24th, Noel Coward's haunting "Mad About the Boy," Noble had the good taste not to have a male sing.) My own favorite is a little-known Cole Porter tune, "How Could We Be Wrong?," which Noble fashions into what is quite possibly the best dance record ever made. Other estimable ballad arrangements include

➔

* Some other Nobles were issued on American Victor before the war, but most appeared only in England and are as scarce as Irish Catholics in the Lindsay administration. For these and other rare 78s, drop a line to Mr. Roger D. Kinkle, 1422 Brookside Drive, Evansville, Ind.

Random Notes

● BOOKS AHEAD: Everybody else is hard put to figure out what's going to happen in China next week, but Han Suyin offers all sorts of prognostications about *China in the Year 2001* (Basic Books, November, $5.95). . . . Coming from Harper early next year is Jules Roy's *The Trial of Marshal Pétain;* author concludes that he should really have been acquitted. . . . J.R.L. Anderson, Vinland map firmly in hand, retraced the route of the Vikings; his book about the trip, *Vinland Voyage,* concludes that Vinland is indeed Martha's Vineyard (Funk & Wagnalls, October, $6.95). . . . Big New Series: the fifty-or-so volume "Documentary History of Western Civilization," edited by Leonard W. Levy and Eugene C. Black. Starting with the first seven volumes, Walker will publish the monster in hardcover; Harper & Row in Torchbook paperbacks.

On second thought, we'd rather be in Philadelphia: William K. Everson holds forth on *The Art of W. C. Fields* (Bobbs-Merrill, Fall, $7.50). How about *The Social Criticism of Sidney Greenstreet?* . . . Allen Dulles is the editor of *Great True Spy Stories,* 42 tales (Harper & Row, Spring). Looks good: A new novel on the good old lost-island-utopia theme, *Osborne's Army* by John Anthony West. The island's in the Caribbean; the natives are friendly, the new arrivals happy—until the inevitable bad guys show up (Morrow, October, $5.50). . . . Nice: A facsimile edition of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience,* as engraved, ornamented and hand-colored by himself (Grossman, $16.50 to Dec. 25; $20 thereafter).

● THE FLICKS: Embassy's *The Ski Bum* stars who else but Peter O'Toole. . . . Essy Persson's (see Movies in Brief, *NR,* Aug. 22) next is *Thérèse et Isabelle,* a lesbian thing in which she, uh, plays opposite Anna Gael. . . . Yet another sequel to *The Magnificent Seven* is coming from United Artists-Mirisch, alas, alas and despite the awfulness of *Return of the Seven.* Does Kurosawa get residuals? . . . Columbia Pictures is backing a British adaptation of Gilbert K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday.*

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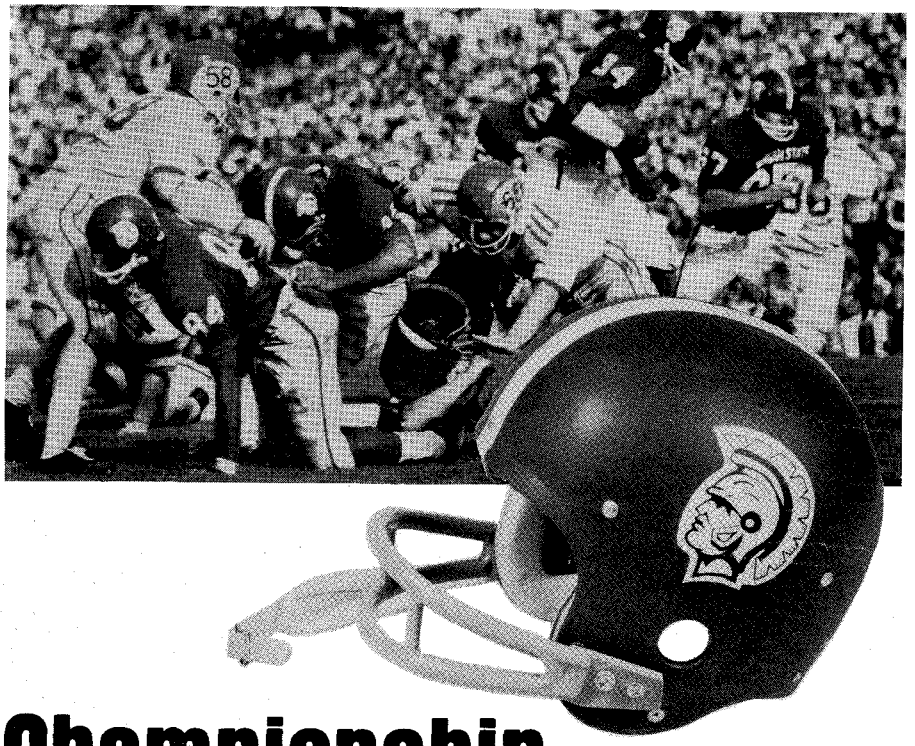

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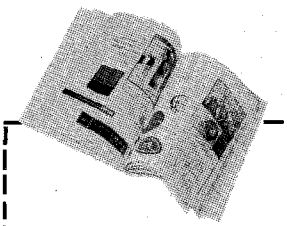

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Irving Berlin's "Maybe It's Because I Love You Too Much," Vincent Youmans' "Time on My Hands," Harry Woods's blithe "When You've Got a Little Springtime in Your Heart," and Noble's own "By the Fireside" and "I'll Do My Best to Make You Happy." For a change of pace, the band unleashes some pre-Goodman jazz, "You Ought to See Sally on Sunday," that gets Bowlly so excited he waxes one of the earliest exhortations to "Swing it!"

All this superior dance music was duly noted here in the jazz homeland, and Noble was lured over to form an American band. Glenn Miller did the organizing. Miller was known in 1935 as a workmanlike arranger and trombonist (his genius for vulgarization had not yet emerged), and he put together a crew that would have been hailed as an all-star band barely two years later. Claude Thornhill was on piano, the great George Van Eps on guitar. Johnnie Mince blew his Goodmanesque clarinet. The trumpet chairs were held down by Charlie Spivak, Pee Wee Ervin and Sterling Bose (also known to his musician friends, and no doubt to the man who did his autopsy, as Sterling Booze). Trombones were Miller and Wilbur Schwichtenberg, who would surface four years later as Will Bradley and show the *aficionados* that someone could blow prettier than Dorsey and even scare Teagarden on the jazz. The star of stars was Bud Freeman, his tenor sax more eloquent than in 1927, and just as eloquent as it remains in 1967.

It was, almost inevitably, an excellent orchestra. Yet for all its stars, and even though Bowlly joined as vocalist, it never managed to achieve the sound or the spirit of the English band. Judge for yourself. RCA Victor's admirable new Vintage Series gathers twelve sides by the American band (LPV-536). A good record, an important record; yet only "Why Dream?" approaches the heights of some of the Capitol tracks, and Miller's ventures into jazz on "Bugle Call Rag" and "Chinatown" are embarrassing, reflecting his innocent notions of hot music (Louder! Faster!). Noble's American band is the Silver Age that follows the Golden.

The band broke up in early 1937. Bowlly went back to London, where he sang his last song in April 1941, just before the bomb fell. Noble went on to Hollywood, and a kind of fame.

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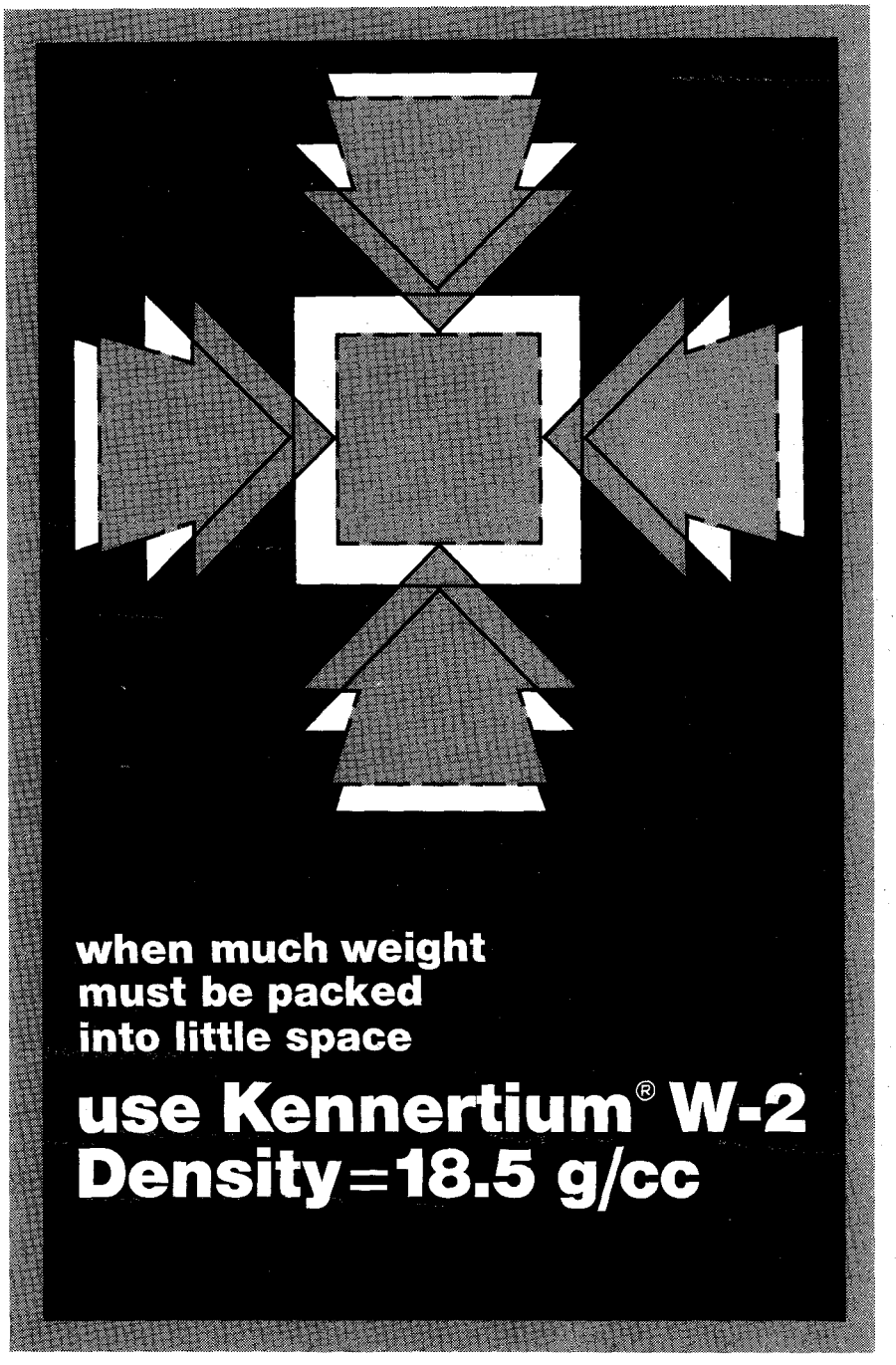
The death of one band probably drew few tears at the time, when we had an embarrassment of riches. A generation passes, and the big bands are little more than a memory. But a memory we can keep green, thanks to albums like these.

So put your foot down. Tell the family juveniles to turn off that damn noise. Take yourself back to a saner, better world. You *can* go home again.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LADY OF THE TWO LANDS: *Five Queens of Ancient Egypt,* by Leonard Cottrell (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50). The author obviously loves his work of popularizing archaeology, and in the main he does it well. His newest book is a romp through the closing years of the Eighteenth Dynasty and the beginning of the Nineteenth—and through the secondary rubble of academic clamor and contention accumulated over the past century or so. The five queens, as he presents them, are fascinating: Hashepsowe (Hatshepsut), who ruled as a Pharaoh, shouldering her way past various Amenophisids; Tiye, who took charge of importing concubines for her uxorious royal husband; imperishable Nefertiti, whom Cottrell as much as suspects of masterminding husband Akhenaten's religious revolution; Ankhesnamun, the child bride of King Tut, and Nefertari, who stands still at Abu Simbel, dwarfed between the massive legs of her massively egotistical husband, Ramesses II. At the outset, Cottrell promises to stick to the all too scanty facts about his subjects—but so scanty are they that he pads the book out with speculation (some idle, most interesting) and, bless him, with wonderful excursions into the world of the archaeologist (there is a diverting examination of the controversy over just where Akhenaten was buried and whether he suffered from a strange glandular disease, complete with in-fighting in the columns of learned journals and testimony from a respected physician of Edinburgh). And, as always, he conveys the sense of place and past: he takes us to the Nile valley, and we see

(Continued on p. 1086)



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Sept. 19)
WALTER TROHAN: CHICAGO TRIBUNE COLUMN.

The so-called liberals are sorry that they were not around when God created the world, because they are certain they could have given him much good advice in granting them power and authority to fashion a better if more repressive world.

BRIEFS

(Continued from p. 1085)

not only how it looks today, but how it must have appeared to kings and their ladies thirty-three centuries ago. Pictures. C. H. SIMONDS

THEIR SHINING ELDORADO: *A Journey through Australia*, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow, $6.95). Among travel book writers Elspeth Huxley knows no peer. John Gunther might learn a thing or two from a calm and relaxed style that skillfully paints the subject at hand, rather than daubing with frenetic splashes. However killing the pace of the journey may have been on the author (and killing it must have been, judging by the amount of territory covered), the reader never wearies of her descriptions of man, land, and animal. The book's theme is the constant struggle between man and his environment: Australia's ecology has suffered massive invasions of sheep and rabbits, the complete and imminent extinction of numerous varieties of bird and animal, and the painful effects of indiscriminate irrigation and land clearing. In response, man has introduced tough new strains of grasses, deadly animal-killing viruses (to take care of the rabbits), minute doses of rare minerals to enrich the soil, and a belated program for the protection of certain species of bird and animal. Mrs. Huxley devotes considerable space to efforts being made to bring the small aborigine population into Australian society. From the capital of Canberra, to Melbourne and Sydney in the south, to Perth on the far western shore (the only city Mrs. Huxley seems to have really enjoyed), and to the desolate cattle stations and towns of the Northern Territory and Queensland, Mrs. Huxley has given us an outstanding portrait of the land.

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

CAPRI

(Continued from p. 1076)

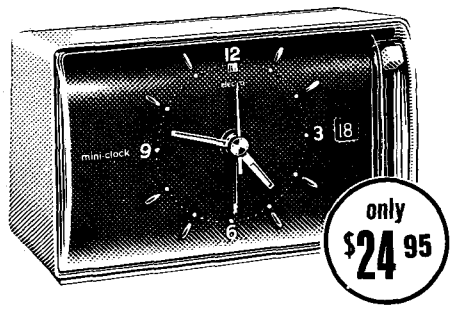
conductor. The conductor shrugged. The father's protests became insistent. With another shrug the conductor withdrew from the press and motored us down the coast to a smaller and green grotto where the sea was calm. This part of the trip was pleasant. Presently we returned to the Blue Grotto. It was by now 11:45. The congestion was as great as ever, the water was rough; the young girl opposite turned green again, but we had now reached the head of the queue. We were transferred to row boats; the grotto was so full of row boats that you could get no continuous effect of blueness. You dangled your hand over the side. Yes, it was blue all right, but that was all. Most things are worth doing once, but I cannot believe that any sane person would expose himself twice to a trip to the Blue Grotto.

From where on earth, I wondered, did all these people come? The majority were Italians. Were they on a day's jaunt from Naples?

Two days later I got my answer. I went to Anacapri, to see Axel Munthe's villa. Everything there was

(Continued on p. 1088)

SOME PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE CUCKOO TO PAY $25 FOR "JUST" A CLOCK



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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ancient form of Hamadan	4 200 156 45 146 87 20 138
B. Not proper or suitable	18 44 66 109 130 140 166 162 170 178 2
	28 36
C. American League umpire, 18 seasons	23 181 144 48 192 56
D. A. L. umpire, 23 seasons; had papal name	47 80 83 118 133 5 176 16 185 64
E. "a certain orator . . . who informed the governor against Paul"	73 58 49 17 172 76 86 182 29
F. World Series manager eight times	115 85 125 141 173 7 42 99 110 136 155
	61
G. Yankee W. S. catcher/outfielder	121 8 30 41 168 67 107 187 9 134 14
	59
H. A Cleveland W. S. catcher	135 71 188 10 160 32 62 51 57
I. Yankee W. S. pitcher (one of many)	142 3 106 53 12 127 88 78 113
J. What the Ku Klux Klan had to do	169 81 153 19 50 68
K. Unscramble PART TOO	174 40 197 194 98 189 205
L. Ficus benghalensis	60 21 105 195 24 117 119 132 148 152

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Abominable Snowman	103 206 180 116
N. A son of Poseidon and Europa	108 131 202 120 54 25 175 89
O. Foliage	112 90 82 93 154 149 101
P. Bad treatment	122 72 84 190 91 199
Q. Eudes	159 70 43
R. Bombast	165 13 123 161 196 114 177 208 145 193
S. Hank Aaron moved ahead of him among 20th Century major-leaguers	203 1 111 124 143 63 158 171 201 77 94
T. Any of various climbing or trailing tropical American plants of the genus Smilax	11 6 33 52 69 137 150 164 184 22 46
	75
U. The king of Libya	27 183 191 104 97
V. A book that contains many a statement that is new	39 26 35 102 126 129 139 163 151 157 179
	204
W. To impose too much tax or other charge on	92 55 79 96 128 209 34 38 65 74
X. Promoting, advancing, forwarding	— — — — — — — — — —
	167 95 37 31 147 198 207 100 15 186

See page 1086 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 S	2 B	3 I	4 A	5 D	6 T	7 F	8 G	■	9 G	10 H	11 T	■	12 I	13 R	14 G	■
15 X	16 D	17 E	18 B	19 J	20 A	21 L	22 T	■	23 C	24 L	25 N	26 V	■	27 U	28 B	29 E
■	30 G	31 X	32 H	33 T	34 W	■	35 V	36 B	37 X	38 W	■	39 V	40 K	41 G	42 F	43 O
44 B	45 A	46 T	■	47 D	48 C	49 E	50 J	51 H	52 T	■	53 I	54 N	55 W	56 C	57 H	58 E
59 G	■	60 L	61 F	■	62 H	63 S	64 D	65 W	■	66 B	67 G	68 J	■	69 T	70 O	71 H
72 P	73 E	74 W	■	75 T	76 E	77 S	78 I	79 W	■	80 D	81 J	■	82 O	83 D	84 P	■
85 F	86 E	87 A	88 I	89 N	90 O	91 P	■	92 W	93 O	■	94 S	95 X	96 W	■	97 U	98 K
99 F	100X	101O	102V	103M	■	104U	105L	■	106I	107G	108N	■	109B	110F	111S	112O
113I	114R	■	115F	116M	117L	118D	■	119L	120N	121G	■	122P	123R	124S	125F	126V
■	127I	128W	129V	■	130B	131N	132L	133D	■	134G	135H	136F	■	137T	138A	139V
140B	141F	142I	143S	144C	145R	■	146A	147X	148L	■	149O	150T	151V	152L	■	153J
154O	155F	■	156A	157V	158S	159Q	160H	161R	■	162B	163V	164T	165R	■	166B	167X
■	168G	169J	170B	■	171S	172E	173F	174K	175N	176D	177R	■	178B	179V	180M	181C
182E	183U	184T	185D	186X	■	187G	188H	■	189K	190P	191U	■	192C	193R	194K	195L
■	196R	197K	198X	199P	200A	201S	■	202N	203S	204V	205K	206M	207X	208R	209W	■

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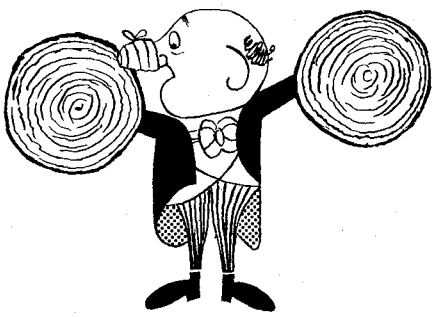

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CAPRI

(Continued from p. 1086)

different. Urban renewal was in full spate. The short road to the villa was lined with shops. At the entrance to the chair lift there was a large department store. I had been told that the Capri peasants were making so much money out of tourists that they were neglecting their land and building bungalows. This was where they were building them, here in Anacapri where there was plenty of flat land and nothing much to spoil, though it must be added that what is being done, is being done with taste. Here progress can spread its wings while Capri can remain itself. What luck for Capri and what supreme good luck for us.

EXPO

(Continued from p. 1073)

visited, showers vivid chromatic arpeggios like a fountain, having a very good time all by itself. It's simply there. The glittering U.S. Bubble is there, its message for the future enigmatic, its present existence indisputable, like the moon's. The blue Minirail is there, looping and swooping over and around two islands, not purposefully transporting its projected 11,000 passengers per hour, merely making a frivolous statement about transportation, the frivolity proportioned to what is after all a holiday place.

At two points the skin of the great Bubble is pierced, to let the Minirail in, three stories above the ground, and to let it out again. A splendid gratuitous frivolity: the Minirail has no particular business going through the U.S. pavilion, it simply does, and why not? It has no particular business anywhere. The Bubble ought to be mortally weakened; it isn't; slim cables around those apertures restore the ruptured web of tension. Massively, gracefully, Expo's two best engineering spectaculars exchange compliments: an offhand technological witticism with more to say about the present and future than any thirty million computer operations you fancy. A technological world, that's what Expo's about; and no longer chugging, straining, rusting, groaning, knotting its brows, lifting its loads, oppressing its denizens, technology has discovered an insouciance positively rakish.

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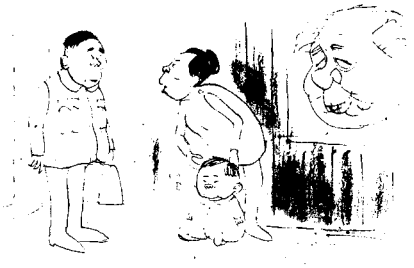
FOR THE RECORD

■ Keeping up with **Stokely:** Radio Havana, Aug. 14: Carmichael plans to change name of SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) to NML (**Negro Movement for Liberation**) when he returns to the States. . . . Hanoi, Sept. 1 (Agence France Presse): He tells North Vietnam authorities that "thousands" of young American Negroes will choose five-year prison sentences rather than "**don the shameful imperialist uniform.**" . . . Algiers, Sept. 7 (AFP): "The only solution for American Negroes is revolution and we've come here to see what we can learn from our revolutionary African brothers." . . . Two days later, still Algiers, wearing Castro-type fatigues: 65 per cent of Washingtonians are Negroes, therefore "**the Pentagon belongs to us. If we encircle it, the Pentagon will no longer be able to communicate with the outside.**" . . . Interview from Hanoi, quoted in Sept. 19 *National Guardian*: "We don't just want the U.S. to stop bombing and get out, **we want the Vietnamese to win the war and kick the U.S. out.**" . . . On Sept. 19, Carmichael turns up in Damascus at invitation of Syrian Committee of Havana Tricontinental Solidarity Conference. Whether between his visit to Algeria and Syria he attended secret confab of American black power and antiwar groups, and Vietcong and North Vietnam's officials in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, is not known, but seems likely. Only Americans the Czech news agency Ceteka identified at Bratislava meeting were **David Dellinger,** editor of *Liberation* Magazine, and **Tom Hayden** (**Staughton Lynd**'s sidekick), a Students for a Democratic Society leader.

■ Significant developments on Dove-Hawk front. Sen. **Clifford Case** (R., lib., N.J.) says **Lyndon Johnson** should intensify bombing of North Vietnam even if it risks bringing Red China into the war. . . . Republican Gov. **Spiro Agnew** of Maryland also backing LBJ on Vietnam, urging his party not to make Vietnam *the* issue in 1968. Timing of Agnew statement, incidentally, taken to be slam at **George Romney.** . . . On other side, politicos find it significant that longtime Administration supporter, Rep. **Thomas O'Neill** (D., Mass.) has doved-out, now calls for suspension of bombing and a withdrawal of U.S. troops to enclaves in South Vietnam. (the Gen. James Gavin strategy). . . . A Citizens to Draft Gavin committee is now operating in Lexington, Mass., staffed by retreads from Cambridge, Mass. Vietnam Summer operation.



The Bulletin, Australia — Ben Roth Agency

"He denounced his first relative today."

■ The skids, in California, for George Romney. *Los Angeles Times* Presidential preference poll March of this year showed: **Romney** 35 per cent; **Nixon** 32; **Percy** 10; **Reagan** 9. In September it is: Nixon 43; Reagan 19; Romney 16; Percy 14. . . . Conservative upstate N.Y. GOPers still shuddering at Romney's unequivocal endorsement of **Saul Alinsky's** controversial FIGHT organization in Rochester. . . . Other Republican strategists believe recent Romney statements on Vietnam will have lost him still powerful support of Gen. **Eisenhower.** . . . *Washington Post* reporter-columnist David Broder, unusually well-informed on Republican politics, reports showdown between Percy and Reagan for loyalty of Illinois Republicans "could be downright embarrassing to Percy."

■ Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** of Cambodia has had second thoughts about expelling Red Chinese diplomats, but he has banned distribution in his country of New China News Agency reports "before Cambodia is entirely gangrenized by pro-Chinese subversion." . . . European reports indicate new Soviet ambassador to Pnompenh will be **Sergei Kidryavstesv.** Kidryavstesv was expelled from Canada when Soviet code clerk Igor Gouzenko defected; was Soviet ambassador to Havana during 1962 missile crisis.

■ **Jean-Paul Sartre,** having found French Marxist propagandist and possible guerrilla **Régis Debray** not guilty, has ordered Bolivian Pres. **Barrientos** to release him. . . . **Robert Gilbert,** a Cuban exile in the U.S., suggests that if Bolivia does convict Debray it might be willing to exchange him for some of the political prisoners now held in Cuba. . . . Debray himself (over Radio Luxembourg) has just announced the sainthood of **Che Guevara.** "He achieved sainthood through superhuman strength of mind and a very deep spiritual conviction." . . . Bolivian authorities believing that Guevara is alive, and in Bolivia, showering the Camiri area with leaflets offering $4,100 (*NR* raises that to $4,500) for Che, dead or alive.

■ Declared parrots non grata, and ordered out of country, three birds recently shipped to Bolivia. Their only phrases: "Long Live Fidel!" "We are *guerrilleros*." "Down with Barrientos."

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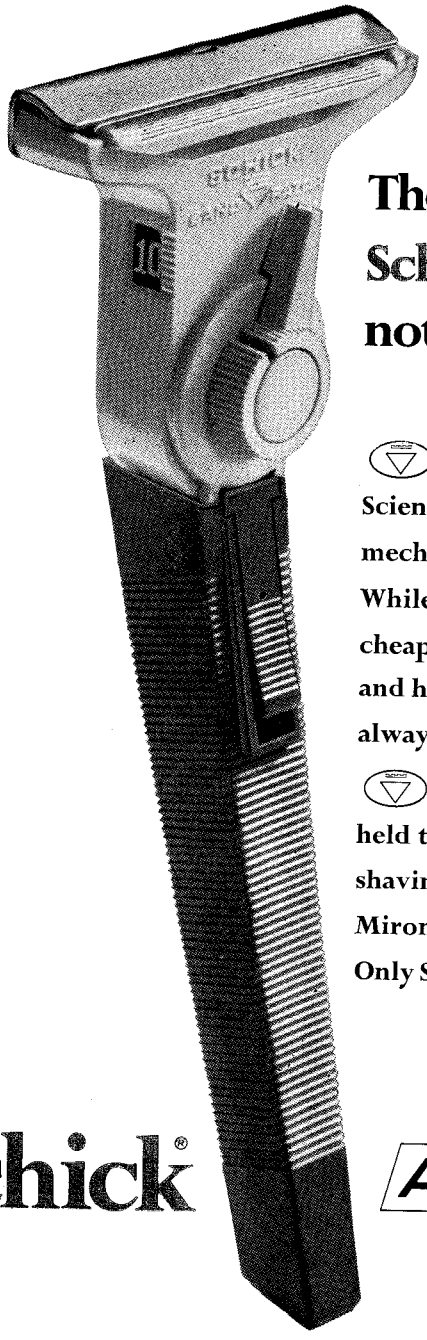

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